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THE GLASGOW MEETING.

MR. BRIGHT'S meeting at Glasgow was remarkable, not because a city of 400,000 inhabitants produced a crowded assembly, or because a powerful speaker flushed with applause delivered one of his most eloquent addresses. The platform was distinguished by the presence of three members of Parliament, whereas the borough and county representatives of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midland Counties have almost unanimously stood aloof from the agitation. Mr. M'LAREN, member for Edinburgh, is an extreme politician, and perhaps he may be prepared to follow his near connection, Mr. BRIGHT, into the largest democratic changes. Mr. DALGLISH and Mr. GRAHAM may perhaps, as members for Glasgow, have thought it expedient to conciliate the working portion of their constituency. In consideration of Mr. GRAHAM'S appearance at the meeting, his expression of opinions utterly opposed to Mr. BRIGHT'S doctrines seems to have been forgiven, or not to have been noticed. The difference between a 7*l.* franchise and universal suffrage is incomparably greater than the difference between 10*l.* and 7*l.* Mr. GRAHAM approved of the Ministerial Bill of last Session, and he appears not to have changed or enlarged his opinions. Except for local reasons, he would scarcely have moved a vote of thanks for a speech which represented the refusal of the franchise to the great mass of the population as the most glaring injustice. It is not necessary to criticize harshly the conduct of a member who is respectable by ability and character, but one exception to the almost universal absence of the Liberal party from Mr. BRIGHT'S meetings is a cause for regret. At a subsequent entertainment Mr. CRAUFURD and Mr. CRUM EWING swelled the list of Mr. BRIGHT'S followers in the House of Commons.

It is an unprofitable task to follow Mr. BRIGHT in his various illustrations of two or three propositions which probably appear self-evident to an excited multitude, although they have been rejected as unsound by the most thoughtful and disinterested political inquirers. If the question were absolutely open, it would be an endless controversy to contend, on one side, for the preponderance of property and comparative intelligence, and, on the other side, for the dominion of numbers. But the English Constitution exists, with its vast and beneficent results, and there is little reason to expect that the unparalleled freedom and the great prosperity which it has produced would be perpetuated under an entirely opposite system. If, indeed, limited government were indefensible in principle, it would be impossible to rely exclusively on empirical proofs of its excellence; but to more serious politicians it appears that a nation may be more genuinely represented by a well-selected minority than by the nominees of the least wealthy and least educated class. Mr. BRIGHT'S 658 casual passengers in the Strand would at least have the merit of not belonging exclusively to one party, delegated by a single class. There is some ground for urging that those who live by weekly wages have not been sufficiently considered in the present arrangement of the constituencies. Their claim has for many years been almost unanimously recognised, and the only difficulty among moderate reformers has been to give the operatives a fair share of electoral power, without allowing them to swamp all other sections of the community. The Bill of the present year would to a certain extent have effected the purpose, while Mr. BRIGHT and his followers would suppress at one blow every political influence which now forms part of the Constitution.

In his Glasgow speech Mr. BRIGHT so far diverged from the monotony of his ordinary assumptions and denunciations as to dwell at considerable length on the errors of Parliamentary legislation, and on the practical advantages which might ensue from a sweeping extension of the suffrage. With his usual malignity, he referred to the erroneous system of protective duties on corn as a proof of the selfish and immoral character of the present constituencies and their representatives. It

would not have suited his argument to remark that the Corn Laws have been abolished for twenty years, and that the Parliament which he calumniates has also abolished every other kind of protection. It is true that selfishness was one of the motives for imposing and maintaining the obsolete duties on corn, but it is not less certain that landlords and farmers shared sincerely in an error which was rejected only by a small and enlightened minority of the nation. When the Corn Laws were passed, almost every other domestic production was artificially protected, and it was only when English manufacturers found that they could undersell foreign competitors that they became advocates of free trade in what they sold, and agitators for free trade in the food which formed a part of their cost of production. Food may, in a certain sense, be called more necessary than any other article of consumption; but if it is wrong to exclude foreign corn, it cannot be right to exclude foreign clothes. Mr. BRIGHT would destroy the English Constitution, amongst other reasons, because the landed interest was many years ago strong enough to tax the rest of the community for its own advantage. The landowners have since been either converted or outvoted, and the Parliament which, according to Mr. BRIGHT, they still control is almost the only legislative assembly in the world which now steadily maintains the rights of the consumer against the anti-social demands of the producer. In the United States a Congress elected by universal suffrage has enacted an extravagantly protective tariff under the direct influence of manufacturers and ironmasters. If America were a corn-importing country, it is certain that protective duties would have been imposed on foreign corn, as well as on hardware and on textile fabrics. In the English colonies the democratic party always advocates protection, while the champions of free trade are popularly regarded as a servile oligarchy. It is not the business of foreigners to object to American legislation, but when protective systems are attributed to deliberate dishonesty on the part of English Parliaments, it is necessary to inquire into the economic working of universal suffrage.

The same argument will apply to Mr. BRIGHT'S complaints of the warlike policy of former times. If a restricted suffrage formerly tended to war, it now notoriously supplies the surest guarantee for peace. Some politicians, who are far from sharing Mr. BRIGHT'S democratic enthusiasm, are sometimes almost inclined to support a transfer of power to the lower classes, in the certainty that they would be more impulsive, more sensitive, and more thoughtless of consequences than the prudent race of capitalists and tradesmen. In democratic France the army is the most popular of institutions, and the military glory of the nation is the most cherished object of pride and attachment. The Americans have just emerged from a gigantic war, and their orators and journalists incessantly threaten foreigners with armed vengeance or with territorial conquest. Mr. BRIGHT may search English records in vain for parallels to the shameless encouragement which has been offered to Fenian pirates by the leaders of the Republican party. The Crimean war was as distasteful to the higher English aristocracy as to Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORDEN; and it was forced on an unwilling Ministry by the patriotic enthusiasm of the rest of the community, including the bulk of the working-classes. In complaining of the cost of the English navy, Mr. BRIGHT has reason on his side; but his comparison of the English and American naval expenditure is wholly inaccurate. It is not true that the navy of the United States was engaged in one of the greatest wars in history, or indeed in any great war whatever. The Confederates were absolutely without a navy, and the Federal Government was unable to provide a force for protecting the national commerce from half a dozen cruisers. It is not to be doubted that the American fleet would be formidable to any enemy, but there is no use in attributing to it exploits which it had no opportunity of performing.

A democratic Parliament would probably not be wanting in vigour when the national honour was at stake. The English Constitution is valuable rather as a security for freedom than as an instrument of war. Mr. BRIGHT's clients all resemble one another in tastes, in prejudices, and in habits of thought, and they would disregard the interests and feelings of the rest of the community. After a time, the nation, finding that its legislators were not its natural leaders, would perhaps contrive to vest practical authority in some other branch of the Government. On the other hand, the multitude is generally ready to entrust large powers to individuals, on the understanding that they are to be used for the purposes of the majority. If the present Government and Parliament were tyrannical, they would have the physical force of the majority to deal with; but when numbers and privilege are on the same side, there is no reserved strength to resist oppression. It seems scarcely possible that Mr. BRIGHT should be successful in establishing at one step an unqualified democracy in the place of the ancient Constitution. If, however, he succeeds in effecting a political revolution by the aid of the mobs which, according to his announcement, are to assemble in London, he may reasonably expect to subdivide the land which, through economic causes, has been accumulated in the hands of great proprietors. Englishmen in former times used to sum up their aspirations in a demand for security for liberty and property. The demagogues of the present day hope to march to the attack of property over the ruins of liberty.

BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE.

IT is just twelve months since the most prominent member of the less extreme section of the Belgian Clerical party published an alarmist pamphlet about the future fate of his country. From German confusion and French ambition combined, he anticipated that the death of King LEOPOLD would be the signal for a move on the part of the EMPEROR into the very heart of Belgium. Holland would take Antwerp and the west coast, while NAPOLEON would be content with the territory that is bounded on one side by the Scheldt and on the other by the Meuse. Belgium would be laid open to the assault by the results of the bitter feud within her borders between the Clericals and the Liberals, for this antagonism would leave her in the proverbial condition of the house divided against itself. Since this time last year all the conditions most favourable to the fulfilment of M. DÉCHAMPS' prophecies have come to pass. King LEOPOLD has died, and his son reigns in his stead. German confusion came to a height, and left NAPOLEON's hands free to take Belgium, or whatever else it might have pleased him to take. The principle of violence and the strong hand became a scarcely disputed article in the creed of Continental politicians. England loudly proclaimed—the more loudly as the blaze waxed hotter and bigger—that nobody need look to her, at any rate, for friendship or guns or men, or anything else that involved money or risk. Most dangerous of all, the French became irritable and jealous at the success of the Prussians, and were filled for a time with a rising of that rapacious spirit which seems to lurk in every true Frenchman's breast. In spite of all this, the Belgian JEREMIAH is now proved to have prophesied as untruly as dolefully. The Clericals and the Liberals hate one another as much as they did twelve months since. M. LAURENT execrates the Ultramontanes and all their belongings with as much animosity as ever, while his foes return him the compliment without flinching or abatement. Yet Belgium still stands as free and independent as she did on the day when the Five Great Powers concluded the guarantee treaty of 1839. Nobody has even menaced her, much less attempted any forcible violation of her integrity. Although it is true that the French EMPEROR has declared parenthetically that secondary States appear to have no further function in Europe, yet he has, on the other hand, been almost ostentatious in his professions of amity for the new chief of the Belgian State. The force of the parenthesis is trifling compared with the force of the general tendencies of his policy, and the whole tenour of his policy is dead against the extinction of Liberal and Constitutional Governments, except at home. It would be indecent, even if it could be feasible or useful, to discuss at large the probable change in French foreign policy which might follow if the alarming rumours which fly every other day from Biarritz to Paris should prove to be more true than such rumours generally are. But it seems most unlikely that any possible dynastic or executive change could make France for a single hour reactionary or anti-Liberal. The worst of it is that Liberalism in France vaunteth itself, and is puffed up and

greedy and propagandist. It is quite possible that the eminent rhetorician who truly pointed out that the unification of Italy meant also the unification of Germany, may insist that from these two follows the necessity of the unification of France, which cannot be accomplished without the annihilation of Belgium. Belgium has far less to fear from the EMPEROR than from either the *doctrinaire* Liberals or the Republicans. In the large Extreme Left of the last-named party in France there is a numerous body of fanatics who would think it quite good enough reason for demolishing the Belgian State that its chief magistrate is accidentally called by the name of King, instead of President or First Consul.

Within the borders of Belgium itself the case looks still more promising. Her intestine divisions, though strongly marked, and though productive of much warmth and acrimony, are not in the least likely to reach a pitch that would lay her at the feet of an invader who should promise to crush either party for the benefit of the other. First of all, Belgian divisions are not much more marked or violent than those in this country between Tories and Radicals—between the people who follow Archdeacon DENISON and those who look to Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. MILL. Their camps only represent the same combat of principle that is being fought, in some shape or other, in most civilized countries. Then, again, the two great parties know how to forget their differences in the presence of a danger that threatens both alike. How was it that the political storm which swept over the face of Europe in 1848 had no worse effect in Belgium than to promote the passing of a number of judicious and wholesome measures of reform in a perfectly regular and constitutional manner? Because the Liberals and the Clericals, with rare sagacity, perceived the necessity of striking a truce until the common peril was over. The Clericals wisely abstained from opposing the measures of their rivals, because they knew that opposition would lead to measures that were in their eyes still worse and more extreme. The Liberals, with like prudence, did not allow themselves to be carried away by the infectious enthusiasm of the moment into a policy which would have provoked the Clerical party into a bitter and even revolutionary hostility. There is no reason to suppose that either section has grown less wise as time has advanced. And many events have taken place which are decidedly calculated to lessen any inclination that there might have been to settle their dissensions by means of anything like an appeal to friends over their borders. The Clericals naturally think as ill of the French Government as Archbishop MANNING and Cardinal CULLEN do. The September Convention, and the apparent sincerity with which it is to be carried out, have destroyed all Ultramontane faith in the Eldest Son of the Church. Belgium is full of Ultramontanism, and it is as full therefore of aversion to the French Empire. It was in great measure the priests who brought about the Revolution and the Four Glorious Days of September that have been commemorated in the proceedings of this week. They strove for this object, because they detested the supremacy of Protestant Holland. Are they likely to try to undo their work, in order to annex themselves to infidel France?

The presence of the English Volunteers at the Brussels festivities points to the question of the amount of interest which this country has in the independence of Belgium. Of course the expressions that fall in the course of a popular merry-making must not be interpreted in too literal a sense. Dinners and suppers and illuminations and medals bind individuals together for the moment, and they promote a glow of goodwill and cordiality after the illuminations have been put out and the medals laid aside in drawers. There are, indeed, many reasons for objecting, in a general way, to these gigantic Volunteer excursions to foreign countries. They might too easily lead to unpleasant political entanglements and misunderstandings with foreigners who are not aware how far the individual Englishman acts without a thought as to the policy or the interests of his Government. Still we have a right to be pleased at any evidence that we can get that there is still left among us some sense of community and friendship with a Continental nation, and some liking for such a position. If ever the question should arise whether England ought to lift a finger in defence of Belgium, the hospitality of the people of Brussels, and the fuss they have made, may leave feelings here in the middle-classes which might for once induce them to support a Minister who should declare that an unprovoked attack on Belgium would be undertaken at the risk of war with England. The Minister himself might be impelled in this direction by more solid considerations. Englishmen, as a rule, are friendly to the main-

tenance of a prosperous and free State, even if it is not very powerful; and Belgium is quite powerful enough to keep standing, if she is left alone by nations that have no claim whatever upon her territory. An attack on Belgium would be the most decisive proof that could possibly be given of the utter dissolution of all principles of international justice and honour, and of the unrestrained outbreak of violence and rapacity. England would suffer as severely as any other great country from such an outbreak. The penniless traveller may sing in the face of the highwayman if he will, but in an era of freebooting the fattest and most opulent nation would also be the most desirable kind of prey. Every step that the freebooting spirit advances must be in our direction. It is all very well to say that people may take whatever they choose, provided they do not interfere with our highway to India through Egypt. What would be thought of a housekeeper who should resist a measure for establishing police-constables until the thieves had got into his butler's pantry? It is the plain interest of each nation that order should reign in Europe; and the best way of promoting order is to let it be known that whoever promotes disorder will have all the rest against him. There could be no more flagrant act of disorder than the annexation of a single square mile of a peaceable, inoffensive, prosperous, and on the whole well-governed, country like Belgium. We do not know how England could defend herself more effectually than by resolving, and letting her resolve be understood, that any designs upon that State would demand our active intervention, as a mere act of police. You must, in certain cases, help your neighbour to put out his fire, for the sake of your own house, if for nothing else. If, as time goes on, the Belgians should wish their independent existence to come to an end, and to be annexed to France in part, and in part to Holland, England would have no business to interfere. By that time the unjust spirit which is now so powerful in European counsels will probably have been exorcised, and the French edifice will have been crowned.

THE JAMAICA COMMITTEE AND MR. EYRE.

THE EYRE Defence Committee has, as might have been expected, revived the dormant activity of the Jamaica—or EYRE Prosecution—Committee. The extreme bad taste of Mr. EYRE's appeal from his official superiors, representing, as it happened, both of the great political parties, to a coterie of personal admirers confirms the impression that in judgment and temper he was extraordinarily ill-qualified for a high and responsible position. In a year remarkable for empty and mischievous declamation, the speeches at the Southampton dinner are entitled to the prize of unequalled want of wisdom. Mr. KINGSLEY's doctrine, that a man's acts should be judged in a spirit of confidence, is the converse of the intentionally paradoxical phrase of gratitude for future favours. In ordinary life the past is subjected to judgment, while faith and hope may sometimes form a provisional substitute for a certainty which can only be realized hereafter. Lord HARDWICKE and Lord CARDIGAN are not the best witnesses to character on a charge of extreme severity and violence; nor could any after-dinner enthusiasm remove or mitigate the censure which had been unwillingly and authoritatively pronounced by Mr. CARDWELL and Lord CARNARVON. Even if Mr. EYRE had not been disavowed and recalled by the Government, the perpetration of bloodshed, however necessary and unavoidable, was not a proper occasion for festive triumph. As far as Mr. KINGSLEY and his associates have any intelligible purpose, they must desire to vindicate the principle that human life and positive law, however sacred, are less inviolable than the duty of repressing anarchy and preserving the order of society. It might, in certain conceivable circumstances, which have assuredly not occurred, have been necessary to shoot, to hang, and to flog large numbers of insurgents, and to put their ringleaders to death without regard to the rules of evidence. Judicious and impartial Englishmen would have approved of salutary vigour, but only excited partisans could have thought that wholesale executions were an occasion for rejoicing. When a general burns a village to prevent its covering the enemy's riflemen, the measure may be consistent with his duty; but it is not customary to erect his statue on the spot.

But for the organization of the EYRE Defence Committee, the controversy might perhaps have been allowed to drop; but when it was announced that 12,000*l.* had been subscribed for the defence, the prosecutors could scarcely fail to accept the challenge. There will be no difficulty in finding the stakes on either side, since the backers insist on a contest. The Jamaica Committee has retained one of the most

eloquent members of the Bar; and there can be no doubt that, if a trial takes place, Mr. EYRE will be competently represented. The address which has been lately published by the Jamaica Committee is open to criticism, though it is not intemperately worded, except in one or two paragraphs which have perhaps been contributed by the more extreme members of the body. "They have come forward as private individuals to put the law in motion only on the positive and almost contumacious refusal of the Government to do its duty, by inquiring into the cases in which there was reason to believe the lives of subjects of HER MAJESTY had been illegally taken." Contumacity is generally understood to mean obstinate disobedience to the commands of a lawful superior. If the Crown had declined to comply with Addresses from both Houses of Parliament requesting that Mr. EYRE should be prosecuted by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the Ministers might, by an allowable figure of rhetoric, have been accused of contumacity; but a Government which differs in opinion from a self-constituted committee can scarcely be condemned as contumacious. It is absurd to assume the breach of a disputed duty, nor is it true that the Government which appointed the Jamaica Commission refused to inquire into the cases of GORDON and the other sufferers. The liberality or looseness of English law, which allows any person to prosecute the supposed perpetrator of any crime, relieves the Government from the duty of commencing proceedings against Mr. EYRE. An official prosecution would, as in the case of a court-martial appointed by a Commander-in-Chief, involve a prejudgment of the case. The facts of the Jamaica rebellion are undisputed; and, unless the Colonial Office thought that they supported a charge of murder, it would be improper to prefer an indictment which must, on the face of it, affirm that the person accused was guilty of the capital crime. The Jamaica Committee will have the advantage of holding an unhesitating belief, and of leaving the grand jury and the petty jury unbiassed by official opinion. The detailed or argumentative portion of the address of the Committee might have been advantageously omitted. The allegation that GORDON, CLARKE, and LAWRENCE were respectively not proved to have been connected with the disturbances in any way whatever raises an issue which is both doubtful and irrelevant. GORDON's factious speeches and writings had probably much to do with the disturbances, although GORDON may have been innocent of any intention to organize the riot at Morant Bay. It will be a simpler task to show that the conviction was illegal than to rehabilitate the memory of a sectarian agitator.

The nature of the service which was rendered to Mr. EYRE by his hasty Southampton friends is illustrated by the angry reference of the Jamaica Committee to the ill-timed celebration. It is highly important that "British subjects should not be put to death without lawful trial," but a criminal prosecution is not the proper method of silencing persons who may happen to differ from the Jamaica Committee. It is not necessary to take any legal security against the risk that imitators of Mr. EYRE may be "again applauded, caressed, and marked out for future reward and honour by peers, members of Parliament, chaplains of HER MAJESTY, magistrates, and other persons in high station." Mr. KINGSLEY, who is designated by the phrase "Chaplains of HER MAJESTY," has more than once made mistakes through a not ungenerous impetuosity of disposition, but it is not worth while to hang his ill-chosen heroes for the purpose of correcting his political or literary errors. A great many persons must be put to death before all Peers, all members of Parliament, and all magistrates are rendered infallible; and still more wholesale slaughter would be necessary to repress all independence and variety of judgment. As the Committee includes two eminent writers on logic, it was injudicious to entrust the composition of a formal manifesto to some philanthropist of a feminine temperament. Mr. MILL, Mr. FAWCETT, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, and Mr. HERBERT SPENCER are familiar with the exceptions, the limitations, and the definitions which are rendered necessary in the exposition of truth by the laxity of ordinary language. Lawyers and metaphysicians are almost the only habitual cultivators of accuracy, and the objects of the Committee would have been best attained by legal precision of statement. If Mr. EYRE deserves prosecution, his guilt must have been complete before the Southampton dinner or the EYRE Defence Fund had even been thought of; yet a considerable part of the address is devoted to proceedings which can by no possibility come within the cognizance of criminal justice.

As the prosecution is to proceed, it may be hoped that the

case will be heard before some able and determined judge. If the indictment is preferred at the sittings of the Central Criminal Court, the RECORDER would, in the ordinary course, deliver the charge to the Grand Jury. As, however, it would be impossible for Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, as one of the Jamaica Commissioners, to undertake the duty, the presiding judge will expound the law as it applies to the alleged facts. If the charge is unfavourable to the prisoner, and if a true bill is found, the responsibility of the verdict will rest chiefly with the judge. In the case of BERNARD, Lord CAMPBELL evaded his duty by directing the jury to find a kind of special verdict of "Guilty," to be afterwards revised by the Court which considers reserved Crown cases. The CHIEF JUSTICE himself reserved his opinion whether the evidence sustained, in point of law, the allegations of the indictment; and the jury properly refused to convict when the Court declined to rule that the acts with which the prisoner was charged were criminal. Unless the Jamaica Commissioners were entirely mistaken, it would be impossible for Mr. EYRE to prove that GORDON was legally convicted and legally executed; but it will be for the Court to declare whether the irregularity of the sentence and execution involve the GOVERNOR in the guilt of murder. An affirmative decision would settle nothing, because the pardon which must inevitably follow would amount to a constitutional declaration that the acts of high functionaries must be judged by a political rather than a legal standard. An acquittal on the merits might establish a far more mischievous precedent, as it is not the business of a judge or jury to declare that the strict provisions of law can in any case be superseded. On the whole, it cannot be said that Mr. EYRE, his officious friends, and his pertinacious enemies have, since the commencement of the Jamaica controversy, deserved well of their country.

PROSPECTS OF AUSTRIA.

THE encouraging counsels so frequently offered to Austria by English journalists are scarcely calculated to raise the spirits of the Government to which they are addressed. They partake largely of that ignorant optimism which thinks to console the man who has just had his leg amputated by the assurance that he will get on much better without it. The struggle for ascendancy in Germany may sometimes have involved Austria in difficulties that she might otherwise have avoided—just as a leg may occasionally take its possessor into company from which he would have done better to stay away; but her entire exclusion from the field of German politics only tends to leave her more helpless than before in the presence of the most serious dangers. It would be extremely unwise to assert with any degree of assurance the hopelessness of the present complication, but we may at least say that Austria has seldom been in so bad a plight, and has never been so ill prepared to meet it. The peace with Italy has fortunately relieved her of Venice; but with this solitary exception the result of the war has aggravated all her former difficulties, and brought her face to face with some new ones. It is true that her quarrel with Hungary has advanced some stages towards a settlement, but this only means that her power to resist the Hungarian demands has become proportionately less. There is no evidence that the demands themselves have been at all modified, or the risk of granting them in full at all diminished, by the events of the past summer. Hungary may be sooner satisfied than if Sadowa had not been fought; but, now as then, she can only be satisfied at the expense of the unity of the Empire. The more thoroughly FRANCIS JOSEPH identifies himself with his subjects beyond the Leitha, the more precarious will his relations become with the people of his hereditary dominions. So long as Austria maintained her position in the Germanic Confederation, the inconsistency of governing a population of 35,000,000 by a minority of 8,000,000 might contrive to escape recognition; but now that her influence in Germany, outside her own frontiers, is to all appearance finally destroyed, the distribution of power must necessarily be rearranged on a wholly different system. Instead of the Germanic element exercising an absolute sway over an aggregate of subject States, it can now only take its chance with the rest. Hitherto the difficulty has been how to induce Hungarians to count themselves as Germans; now the question will be how to induce Hungarians and Germans alike to regard themselves only as Austrians. The form of the problem has been changed, but the obstacles in the way of its solution are only increased by the variation.

Fortunately for the statesmen upon whom the responsibility of action must fall, there is much less room for hesitation as to the line of policy to be adopted than might be supposed

from the gravity of the situation. Whether the road that lies before them will ultimately lead them out of the wood is at best doubtful, but it is at any rate the only road which holds out any promise of extrication. If the Austrian Empire is to be welded into a homogeneous whole, the first step in such a process must be to pacify the several parts. A real willingness to strengthen the central authority can only be created by a strong sense of the benefits conferred by its existence upon all the separate units. If once the Austrian Government makes itself regarded by the various races of the Empire as the source of their individual prosperity, they will each have a real interest in the maintenance of the power by which they profit; and the consideration that usually does most to further the development of a Federative Union will thus be brought into play. The break-up of the Empire will come to be associated in the minds of its subjects with the loss of an indispensable protection; while its consolidation will appear to them in the light of a common good, to be purchased, if need be, at the cost of a certain sacrifice of local independence. To engender such a conviction as this an Austrian statesman may well be prepared to encounter every risk. The choice no longer lies between a greater and lesser good coupled with a greater or lesser danger. Austria must call this feeling into existence, or prepare herself for political death. Without it, she may perpetuate her existence in some wholly new form, but the dissolution of the Empire as it is can hardly be more than a question of a few years. The means by which this indispensable sense of patriotism is to be created are as obvious as the necessity of creating it. The kingdoms and provinces of which Austria is composed must be governed each in its own interest. It is not enough to have regard to the promotion of material prosperity, important as this undoubtedly is; for real contentment requires, as experience daily shows us, some more sentimental food. The internal freedom of the several portions of the Empire must be secured, and all attempts at subordinating one to the other abandoned as impossible. In this way the German and the non-German provinces may alike find their individual institutions protected, and their individual interests allowed to seek their natural development. If the conviction that these results are mainly owing to the wise and generous policy of the central Government once gains a footing in the public mind, selfishness and gratitude will alike point to the expediency of strengthening by every legitimate means the authority to which the result will have been attributable. The convocation of the Diets of the Empire, now fixed for the 19th of November, will give the Government an opportunity of discovering what are the real wishes of the populations they respectively represent, and the sooner it sets about acting on the information thus obtained the better will be its chance of turning the knowledge to really useful purpose.

Although, however, such a policy as this seems to offer the only chance of maintaining the Austrian Empire on its present basis, it is not to be denied that the prospects of success in this direction are extremely doubtful. The worst difficulty of Austria is no longer to be found on the side of Hungary. The management of the German Provinces will probably, for a long time to come, be a more real source of disquiet. The other possessions of the Imperial Crown have at least no rival nationality to which they can be tempted to aggregate themselves. But the growth of a united Germany side by side with Austria constitutes to the latter a source of imminent danger. Hitherto the influence of German patriotism has not been unfavourable to her pretensions. Her German subjects formed the ruling class of the Empire, and the position of Austria in the Confederation offered to them the further prospect of being the nucleus round which the Germany of the future would form itself. Dualism was no more popular in the South than in the North, and the wishes of the two sections naturally pointed to a different mode of escape from it. But now that the decisive triumph of Prussia has, once for all, put an end to speculations upon this subject, it remains to be seen how the inhabitants of Austrian Germany will meet the dilemma which has presented itself with such momentous consequences to the rest of the nation. From no point of view can the probable course of events be much to their taste. If the disintegrating forces now at work throughout the Empire continue to act, the best fate that the German section can hope for is to remain in isolated insignificance; while, if there should grow up any desire for a closer internal unity—of which there seems at present to be singularly little trace—the end can only be achieved by the absorption of the German element into a new and composite people, and by its consequent separation from the main body of its kinsmen. Neither alternative seems to offer much inducement to share

the future fortunes of the defeated claimant to the leadership of Germany.

It is possible, however, that Austria may derive assistance in the settlement of these questions from a very unexpected quarter. On the supposition that her German subjects are materially well cared for, and politically well governed, the attraction exercised on them by the neighbourhood of a united Germany will owe its force to feeling rather than reason. A great deal, therefore, may depend on the external form which Prussia gives to her new acquisitions. The very same people who, if the choice lay between being Austrians and Germans, would decide without hesitation in favour of the latter alternative, may fairly come to a different conclusion when they have to determine whether they will be Austrians or Prussians. At this moment it seems to an outside observer as though Prussia may have all Germany at her feet if she will but enter upon the inheritance that has remained vacant since 1806. An Emperor of Germany would have claims of indefinite strength upon all who bear the national name. A King of Prussia has no title to the allegiance of Germans beyond the rights which he has won by force of arms. It is at least possible, however, that the pride of WILLIAM I. may revolt from the sacrifice of his hereditary dignity, and insist on regarding German unity as sufficiently promoted by the territorial extension of Prussia. In that case we cannot but suspect that the reorganization of the Fatherland may be further off than it is sometimes believed to be; and, in the confusion which would naturally result from its indefinite postponement, the German subjects of the House of AUSTRIA may yet see reason to pause before they quarrel with their hereditary ruler.

AMERICA.

IT is now certain that the American PRESIDENT will be defeated in his struggle with Congress. The Republicans have carried the Pennsylvania elections, and they are no longer a divided party. The seceders who had coalesced at the Philadelphia Convention with their Democratic opponents have discovered that the bulk of their party adheres to the recognised leaders of the majority. In a political Cave of Adullam there is seldom room for the multitude. The great mass of the Republicans may perhaps not share the extreme opinions of Mr. STEVENS, but they know their own flag, and they follow their regular standard-bearers. Mr. RAYMOND and Mr. THURLOW WEED find that their ingenious strategy and their forcible arguments have failed to secure adherents among their party. They are perhaps also irritated by the natural determination of the Democrats to treat their Republican associates, not as independent allies, but as repentant converts. Their organ, the *New York Times*, has consequently deserted the cause of the PRESIDENT, and Mr. RAYMOND declines a nomination to the future Congress. It is difficult in England, and impossible in America, for a politician to take an independent course. Mr. RAYMOND was Chairman of the Baltimore Convention which nominated Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, and his journal has generally been understood to represent the opinions of both Presidents and of the Secretary of State. At the beginning of the last Session, Mr. JOHNSON was still regarded as a Republican, and Mr. RAYMOND supported his policy in the House of Representatives against Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and the Radical section of the House. In conjunction with Mr. THURLOW WEED, he was afterwards a chief promoter of the coalition with the Democrats; but he now finds that he has miscalculated, not the interests of his country, but the comparative strength of the extreme and the moderate parties. In retiring from the struggle, and from his recent alliance, Mr. RAYMOND advises the PRESIDENT to accept the Constitutional Amendment, and to induce the Southern States to adopt it. It is not impossible that, with impeachment and deposition from office in full view, the PRESIDENT may submit to the compromise, although harsher terms would be demanded by the Republican leaders. Mr. STEVENS and his followers have never pledged themselves to readmit the Southern States on their acceptance of the Amendment; but public opinion would perhaps support the advocates of a comparatively moderate policy, if the PRESIDENT had once been induced to acknowledge his defeat.

If the reverence for the Constitution which is universally professed in America determined the conduct of political parties, the PRESIDENT would have been unanimously supported. It is certain that, according to the letter of the fundamental compact, the Southern States are entitled to unconditional readmission as soon as they recognise the authority of the Federal Government. The Republicans,

however, deny in practice the superstition which they theoretically profess. They believe that a bloody civil war cannot have left former political relations unaltered; and, above all, they are resolved not to be governed by a majority which includes their late adversaries in the field. As they forcibly argue, the PRESIDENT himself has repeatedly exercised the right of conquest, and some of the conditions included in the Constitutional Amendment are essentially just. The South has no right to profit by the accident which would increase its representative power through the abolition of slavery. Under the Constitutional Amendment, the negroes, if they are excluded from the suffrage, will not be counted in the returns of population which determine the electoral power of the respective States. A far less equitable clause in the Amendment prohibits the election of candidates who served the Confederacy after holding State or Federal office. The disqualification may be removed by a two-thirds vote of Congress; but in itself it is both unjust and eminently inexpedient. The South has no desire to be represented by skulkers or traitors who refused to serve their States in their extreme need. The Southern delegates to the Radical Convention at Philadelphia evidently knew themselves to be odious to the communities which they claimed to represent. Southern loyalists, as they are called, entertain the bitter feelings of ancient or mediæval exiles from a Greek or Italian Republic; and, if they were admitted to local power, they would use it, like the notorious BROWNLOW, for purposes of tyranny and vengeance. But for this offensive article, the Southern States would act wisely in conciliating the more reasonable Republicans of the North by the acceptance of the Amendment. If, notwithstanding a liberal concession, they were still excluded from representation in Congress, public opinion might perhaps by degrees be affected by the hardship of their position.

Mr. SUMNER, who is the most eminent leader of the extreme Republicans, has lately announced in a speech at Boston his determination to insist on negro suffrage, and on the perpetual exclusion from power of the so-called rebels. If he represents the policy of the entire party, it is a waste of time to discuss the comparatively moderate terms of the Constitutional Amendment. Mr. SUMNER's logical method and polished language form an agreeable contrast to the windy verbiage of ordinary American orators. His theory is intelligible, and even plausible, and it is expressed without the use of tawdry ornament or of verbal exaggeration. The constitutional and political issues involved in the conflict which he describes are of vital importance. The Executive and the Legislature find themselves, for the first time in the brief history of the United States, brought into direct collision. The case is not quite accurately stated in Mr. SUMNER's assertion of the general belief "that the Legislative gave laws to the Executive, and not the Executive to the Legislative." There is a fallacy or a play upon words in the phrase of "giving laws," for practically the PRESIDENT has been incomparably more powerful than Congress. The Legislature made laws which were of secondary importance, and which were only occasionally required. As long as taxation was superfluous, the PRESIDENT directed the course of public policy without regard to the House of Representatives. The approaching triumph of Congress will probably change the entire character of the Republic. A deliberately contrived Constitution, like a well-aimed missile, may for a short distance seem to proceed point-blank to its aim; but, in proportion to the space which it traverses, the deflection due to an external force becomes more and more perceptible, and, after it has struck against any solid obstacle, the angle at which it may be diverted can be ascertained only by observation. Mr. SUMNER may possibly be right in preferring the sovereignty of an Assembly to the irresponsible action of a single functionary; but throughout his speech he breaks loose from all American tradition, by assuming that the legislative power of Congress is to become paramount and supreme. The Court to which the founders of the Republic entrusted the control both of PRESIDENT and Congress would, if it were impartially constituted, undoubtedly denounce as null and void much recent legislation. Congress has no right, according to the Constitution, to impose test-oaths or other arbitrary conditions on the freely chosen representatives of the several States. Even if the change is indispensable, it is not the less organic and revolutionary, and it may perhaps serve as a precedent or excuse for some of the dictatorial irregularities which are imputed to the PRESIDENT.

Mr. SUMNER's practical policy is summed up in his protest "against any admission of ex-rebels to the great partnership of this Republic." Much may be said for the policy of

disfranchising conquered enemies; but if nineteen-twentieths of the white inhabitants of ten or eleven States are to be excluded from partnership in the Republic, republican principles are seriously compromised, and the Constitution is at an end. In South Carolina there was probably among the dominant race not a single dissident from secession; and even in Virginia, where a powerful party was opposed to secession, there was no difference of opinion as to the unqualified loyalty which, even in antagonism to the Federal Government, was due to the State. The conventional assumption that rebellion was a crime would be equally applicable to the condemnation of the weaker party in any civil war. The adherents of CHARLES I. were rebels in 1649, and the Republicans were rebels in 1660. The present question is not whether a miscalculation of forces, or even a misinterpretation of a doubtful legal question, involved moral guilt. American statesmen have to deal with the future, and to govern the South by readmitting it to political partnership, by military coercion, or by a third method which Mr. SUMNER prefers.

The compulsory grant of the suffrage to the freedmen would, in several of the Gulf States, reduce the American citizens to a minority; and it is with the aid of the negroes that Mr. SUMNER and his party propose to govern the South. The less sweeping project of conferring exclusive power on the white Federalists in the conquered States has often been compared to the system of Orange ascendancy in Ireland. Mr. SUMNER's plan rather resembles the policy which would probably have been adopted by JAMES II. if he had succeeded in perpetuating the system which was represented by TYRCONNEL. The native Irish or degenerate English would have possessed a monopoly of power, while the civilized portion of the community would have been reduced to political servitude. There is a wider difference between a Southern gentleman or Confederate soldier and a liberated negro slave than between the victors of the Boyne and the followers of the STUARTS. If the freedmen are really qualified to govern themselves and their former masters, slavery must be incomparably the best system of popular education. As no intelligent Englishman or American can seriously acquiesce in such a conclusion, it is surprising that the advocates of universal negro suffrage can fail to perceive the slur which they cast upon the electoral ballot. Mr. SUMNER avows his belief that the votes of the coloured population are necessary for the purpose of swamping the existing constituency. It is possible that he may persuade himself and his supporters in Massachusetts that the negro is equal to the free American, but the neighbouring Republic of Connecticut has within a few months rejected a scheme for introducing negro suffrage into its own Constitution. The subjection of the whites to the blacks is, after all, but a circuitous mode of arriving at military despotism. The people of the South will never submit willingly to the supremacy of their former slaves, but they may be unable to resist a Northern army of occupation. The extreme difficulty of re-establishing the American Federation, when it had once been dissolved, was long ago foreseen by European observers who have incurred much vituperation for their audacity in not shutting their eyes or pretending to shut them.

MR. BRIGHT ON THE STUMP.

IT is fortunate perhaps, on the whole, that oratory does not enter into the curriculum discipline of English schools. Our Eton and Harrow boys are not set to construct and deliver set declamations on the splendid patches of national history, like the young Academicians of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, or to compose elaborate *thèmes*, like the pupils of French *Lycées*. As a rule, we believe, they read the best English speeches for their own amusement, but not as models for school declamations or Union harangues. Indeed, the natural tendency of an English youth from the Public Schools and the Universities, as contrasted with his French or Irish contemporary, is rather to discourage all flights of oratory, and to laugh rather than applaud at any bit of eloquence which the speaker has thought to be particularly fine. Hence the very plain and business-like style of speaking favoured by the House of Commons and the majority of educated Englishmen. Hence, too, by a natural reaction, the curiosity to hear, and the pleasure of hearing, a man who has had the courage to cultivate oratory, and the proper qualifications for cultivating it with success. It is in a great measure the desire to hear good, strong, idiomatic English set to a tone of pathos or indignation by a master who, in addition to a wonderful command of style, possesses the signal advantage of a voice both resonant and

melodious, that explains the crowded attendance on Mr. BRIGHT's performances. There are voices which of themselves are eloquent, and might afford to dispense with the accompaniment of words. People would flock to hear them if they simply intoned the Canticles, or a Homily, or a chapter from *Poor Richard*. Mr. BRIGHT's is one of these voices. We can easily imagine the effect it must have over the minds of operatives, particularly those belonging to Dissenting denominations and Radical Unions, when we know the effect that it has over persons of quite a different stamp, who have no sympathy whatever with the religious and political creed of the speaker.

That no inconsiderable number of persons attended Mr. BRIGHT's meetings at Manchester and Leeds and Glasgow for the same reason that they would have flocked to hear the elder KEAN, or RISTORI, or Mrs. SIDONS, or WHITFIELD, or Mr. SPURGEON—i.e. to have their ears tickled—is probable enough. Still the mass—not the 150,000 or 200,000 so placidly vouched by partisan reporters, but the 25,000 or 30,000 who, on the best computation, really attended—was in all probability attracted equally by the matter and the manner of the speaker. Not that the matter was new. Had it been new, it would hardly have attracted so large an audience. To be thoroughly popular, a public speaker ought rarely to travel beyond commonplaces. Now the commonplaces of Mr. BRIGHT are tolerably well known to those whom he is used to address, and they can generally be conjectured beforehand. There are two stock points which are sure to reappear, and the reappearance of which always elicits the same applause as the reiteration of the best-known points of a favourite actor. The one is the exclusion of the millions from the "right" of representation; the other is the constitutional antiquity of the alleged right. By this time the majority of Mr. BRIGHT's followers must be under the impression that there is such a thing as an antecedent or natural right to vote for members of Parliament. To convince them that such a right has no existence, and in practice is nowhere recognised in the sense which they affix to it, would probably be as easy as to reason with infants who cry for the moon. There is no *ad captandum* contrast which is so likely to stimulate the feelings of envy and hatred as the contrast between those who have got some one thing and those who have not got it, and Mr. BRIGHT is quite a master in his method of handling this oratorical weapon. When he goes further, and assumes to claim the alleged right as a constitutional inheritance of the whole people, he is presuming on the ignorant credulity of his audience to a degree which they would feel to be an insult on the part of any other than a demagogue. Obscure as is the early history of borough suffrage, and conflicting as are many of its incidents, so much at least is clear—the possession of a tenement, and the payment of local taxes, were the invariable conditions of its use. The man who owned a vote in a borough discharged certain responsibilities towards the borough, as well as towards the realm. It may even be doubted whether a yearly tenancy was considered a sufficient qualification; certainly a tenancy without definite contributions from the tenant would not have been considered one. In this respect the Constitution was consistent with its own origin and principles. As the first object of a Parliament was to assess the contributions of the different orders of society to the national treasury, so one of the first requisites of its composition was that those who fixed the contributions should themselves be contributors, or the representatives of contributors. Privilege and responsibility were co-ordinate and correlative.

It were well that Mr. BRIGHT should remember this elementary portion of constitutional learning. In the days which saw the dawn of our Parliament there was no representation of citizens who paid nothing to their borough and to the commonwealth. In that age it would have been impossible to imagine a man's voting for a member who should take part in imposing taxes on his borough, unless the voter himself shared the burdens of that borough. When Mr. BRIGHT asserts his determination to stand on the ancient principles of the Constitution, and to struggle only for the restoration of its ancient privileges, he ought to tell his hearers what its principles and what its privileges were. But his astuteness forbids a candour which would undermine his popularity. The crowds that came from the forlorn and unpicturesque hamlets of manufacturing Yorkshire and Lancashire came not to listen to a sound exposition of statesmanlike views, but to applaud the assertion of a purpose which is utterly foreign to the Constitution. The utterance may have been the voice of household suffrage, but the purpose was that of manhood suffrage. Every word spoken

by the prime agitator, however it might profess to be addressed to the question of household suffrage, bears directly on that of manhood suffrage. Every adult operative who heard him must have carried away the conviction that he has an inherent right to vote for the legislators of England.

It were idle to taunt Mr. BRIGHT with disingenuousness, or to hope to see him adopt more honest proceedings. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed. If Mr. BRIGHT has done enormous harm by envenoming the passions of those whom he has taught to regard themselves as excluded from a natural right, he has done almost an equal amount of good by raising the fears and cementing the union of all intelligent supporters of orderly freedom. Unintentionally and unconsciously, he has become the apostle of constitutional principles. He has raised against himself both the patriotic and the selfish sentiment of that large middle-class whose sympathy with the objects of his agitation he has had the imprudence or the ignorance to assert. Thanks to him and his speeches, there is hardly an employer of labour who does not apprehend that, if Mr. BRIGHT's scheme of Reform once passed into law, he would be at the mercy of those amiable associations which blow up the houses or throw vitriol on the faces of the men who either will not join them or who abandon them. There is not a man of property who is not fully aware that, were the government of the country virtually placed in the hands of the "men of broad foreheads and high intelligence, who have covered the island with railways and multiplied its wealth tenfold"—and (it might have been added) "have spent their earnings in beer and tobacco"—his income would be mulcted, at their discretion, for the liquidation of an expenditure over which he and the like of him had ceased to exercise control. There is not a man of thought and reflection who is not assured that, were Mr. BRIGHT's speculative prediction ever realized by a combined effort of his new voters to force their own system of education on the country, the education thus provided would be deficient in the qualities of breadth, accuracy, and national sentiment, would produce a race of discontented sectarians rather than of loyal subjects, and would rival the commonest education of the United States in all except in the culture of patriotism. In the monster processions and multitudinous demonstrations men of property and intelligence see, what it is intended that they should see, a menacing exhibition of physical force. It is no wonder that, equally angered and alarmed both by the present aspect of Mr. BRIGHT's agitation and by its threatened consequences, all men who have anything to lose, whether in the shape of property, position, or self-esteem, are preparing to defeat a scheme which would reduce them to political insignificance and make them helpless victims of a reckless, grasping, and unscrupulous democracy. Men who deplore the present corrupt mode of entering Parliament contrast it favourably with an attempted innovation which would leave corruption just as necessary as ever, but would leave those who had employed it powerless in the presence of organized dictation. Those who recognise, and would correct, the anomalies of small boroughs are weighing schemes which may prevent the extension of electoral areas from involving the concomitant despotism of numbers. Although no Conservative clubs are established, or are likely to be established, a strong feeling on this subject is pervading a large section of the middle-class which has hitherto professed a somewhat advanced liberalism. The sentiments which Mr. BAINES has had the courage to avow publicly are privately influencing large numbers of educated politicians, with whom each new speech of Mr. BRIGHT operates as a new warning against rash and ill-considered change. Mr. BRIGHT has still several weeks of the stumping season open before the Parliamentary season commences; and if he goes on as he has begun, he will in all human probability achieve a service of value to the country at large, but of special value to his most hated political foes. He will not prevent the introduction of a Ministerial Reform Bill. We believe it to be scarcely possible that the present Cabinet should not introduce some large measure of Reform. But, what with his sickening compliments to the virtue and intelligence of the Unionist operatives, whom he will eventually make as conceited as the vainest negroes; what with his rancorous and unmanly attacks on Mr. LOWE for the imprudent utterance of a truth attested by four Royal Commissions; what with his narrow and sectarian views of the English "people" and an English policy; what with his virulent denunciations of orders and institutions dear to the most enlightened portion of the middle-classes—he will do more than any number of Conservative speakers or tacticians to facilitate the introduction of a

Reform Bill which, guarded by wise checks and limitations, shall at the same time satisfy all reasonable Liberals, and not repel any reasonable Conservative.

SHEFFIELD: ITS TEACHING AND PRACTICE.

IT is the province of what is called psychology to investigate the subtle law which seems to govern the incidence, and consequent prevalence, of special and exceptional crimes. There can be no question about the fact that there is a strange and inscrutable tendency in the abnormal to repeat itself. Once that a very outrageous and abominable thing is done, it is very likely to be done again. This is why there is such a thing as an epidemic of fanaticism or crime. The dancing manias and the preaching manias, the sudden and sporadic outbreaks of fanaticism over a whole district, the *convulsionnaires* of one place or the jumpers of another, shakers and tremblers at revivals and camp-meetings, even Queen-shooting and garotting and Irish Whiteboyism and jumping off the Monument, Thuggism and running amuck and the religion of the Assassins, may all in various ways be traced to that unaccountable spirit of imitation which a single event, if very startling, has a tendency to produce. The mind is unnaturally stimulated by the presence of something much out of the common way, and dwelling upon it causes an unhealthy excitement which suggests repetition and imitation. This is a fact which, though it by no means justifies, accounts for the localizing of certain outrages. There is no reason why Sheffield should distinguish itself by the cultivation of a peculiarly horrid and atrocious form of murder, except that, having in the interests of its Trades' Unions done something in this way once, it has got into the ugly way of doing it again. The terrible outrage, and all but murder, committed on the man FERNYHOUGH and his family is to be traced to a local, but epidemic, frenzy which has grown up merely by imitation and through impunity. As in physical diseases there is a plague-centre, so there may be a fever-nest of crime which spreads. When FERNYHOUGH's house was blown up last week because he was at feud with the Saw-Grinders' Union, it was remembered that a man named LINLEY was shot dead at Sheffield for the same reason, and, as it seems, under the same conditions, a few years ago; and that the murderer, like the Irish landlord shooters, has never been traced. We are indebted to the painful memory of a Sheffield writer for the facts that a Sheffield manufacturer, who had displeased some Union, was favoured with four bullets in a certain dark lane, and that a poor artisan was by mistake blinded with vitriol. Then there is what in those parts is known as the Acorn Street outrage, where three persons were mutilated and one killed. And we read of catalogues of threatening letters, planned murders, plots, and conspiracies, bargained and paid for at about 15*l.* the job, and of exploding infernal machines and the like murderous devices against employers, which have only been frustrated sometimes by tardy repentance or timidity, and sometimes by a hope of selling the deadly secret, on the part of the intended murderers. All this is in the annals of Sheffield; and the victims are either poor Union men, or renegade Unionists like FERNYHOUGH, or manufacturers who proposed to introduce new inventions or variations on the local traditions of the Sheffield trades.

This state of things has grown. Intimidation has been in too many cases submitted to; outrages have never been discovered, or have been inadequately punished; and it seems gradually to have grown into a custom that a secret and invisible institution should govern the Sheffield trade, and that a Vehm Gericht should issue its orders, just like other societies for the cultivation of murder, for the summary punishment of independence of action. As we have said, we can in a way account for the growth of this little local peculiarity of what the people in those parts call Hallamshire; but the next step is serious. It almost seems to come to this, that we must accept it as a special and isolated manner and custom, or South Yorkshire idiosyncrasy—something of the nature of goitre or the Northumbrian burr or the Cornish drawl, and make the best of it. Infernal machines and what are facetiously called "LINLEY's lead pills" are, like squab pie and Oxford brawn and Banbury cakes, local products, and we must take them for granted. It is a peculiar kind of argument, but one that is accepted and understood and applied in that particular town. Now, to say nothing of the possible spread and enlarged popularity of this sort of thing, what concerns others than the men of Sheffield is this—that, as far as we can judge, the existence of the local feeling which considers these murders and outrages as the mere custom of the country

is quite reconcilable with the ordinary civilization of the English artisan. The Sheffield Unionists are, speaking generally, neither better nor worse—certainly not worse—than their brethren. They are not in other respects more brutalized or more demoralized, fiercer or more reprobate, than cotton-spinners or colliers. And yet hardly anywhere else are questions about labour and capital, or about any single person's right to sell his labour on his own terms, habitually settled in this very remarkable way. At present, this kind of argument is only used in Sheffield, but it may soon be otherwise. There are signs of the infection spreading. At Nottingham we find what is called a Trade Union outrage. Here we have a strike in the building trade; and the masters have imported "foreigners"—that is, men have been brought from other places. The Unionists have thought proper, having judiciously blackened their faces, to beat the new-comers almost into the jaws of death. Something of the same sort occurred the other day in the case of some Belgian navvies brought over to make a railway in Sussex; and we have not forgotten with what difficulty Mr. POTTER's clients were kept, in the London strikes, from proceeding to personal violence.

It is therefore a matter of general and national interest to study the manners of Sheffield; and this for reasons social as well as political. Social, because it comes to this—that if such crimes as those perpetrated on LINLEY and FERNYHOUGH remain undiscovered, and therefore unpunished, there is no saying where matters may stop. And perhaps matters may not stop till society is wholly dislocated, and law and order cease to exist among us. For that law and order can exist in the presence of a vast, overwhelming, irresponsible, and dominant tyranny like Sheffield Trade Unionism is of course impossible. Who can tell that the next step will not be retaliation? If the law as it is is powerless, people will be apt to make their own laws for the emergency. The masters may combine; and they may get up a league to shoot, blow up, or poison an obnoxious workman. They may meet violence and murder by conspiracy and poison. Who knows why they should not? At present the Sheffield manufacturers are very good citizens and subjects. They build fine halls, patronize all sorts of institutions, and their town is just now the seat of a great religious gathering. They return one very good M.P.—one so distinguished as Mr. ROEBUCK; and his colleague Mr. HADFIELD, though he has peculiar theories about the Church of England and the English aspirate, holds only the ordinary views about murder. But this respectable and reputable state of things cannot go on for ever with the vitriol-throwing and infernal-machine morality. The crimes on one side, undetected and unpunished, may engender on the other side what it is horrible to think of. At present the manufacturers succumb; they feel that numbers, strength, resolution, the will to plan, the trained secrecy to execute, and the funds to reward, assassination, are all arrayed against them. They are terrorized, but in the wildness of terror the intended victims may turn. At present the FERNYHOUGH outrage is only denounced and mouthed about. "Cowardly," "wicked," and "un-English" are the epithets with which the manufacturers salute the occasion; diabolical, and heinous, and villainous it is pronounced to be by some of the Unionists themselves. Yet here, with utter amazement, we find some rather alarming euphemisms. The Trades' Executive think it enough to say that "they cannot but regret the recent outrage," which is a very delicate use of the negative qualification, and shows a considerable mastery of language; and Mr. BROADHEAD, Secretary of the Saw-Grinders' Union, has written a letter which contains some very ominous doctrine. He denounces the infernal machine; or rather he regrets it. But he is careful to add, "Next to the perpetrators, I abhor such men as FERNYHOUGH, as the cause of these things taking place; I conceive their proceedings to be disreputable." LINLEY and FERNYHOUGH, then, are all but just as culpable as their murderers. Next to the late Mr. RUSH, his victim, we suppose, was the greatest criminal; Mr. PALMER deserved hanging perhaps, but Mr. COOK was the cause of his own murder; if it had not been for Mrs. SOUTHEY and her inconvenient children, Mr. SOUTHEY would not have murdered them. It really becomes rather serious if this is to be the social science expounded by the Secretary of the Union. FERNYHOUGH has "caused" the outrage to take place. He is the remote, but efficient, cause of his own scarcely averted death, and of the slaughter of his own family. It is the natural thing, the thing which one must expect, the ordinary and normal result of a man selling his own labour on his own terms, and not selling it on the terms decreed to him by a band of conspirators, that he must be shot, blown up, or vitriolized. A sad but unavoidable consequence, says BROADHEAD. As an explosion follows fire and gunpowder, so murder follows not

joining the Union. This is pure and orthodox Union doctrine, preached and accepted by the Union doctors. Such teaching is a matter of some slight social importance, and, as we have said, also of political value. The FERNYHOUGH outrage is significantly timed; and that it will have considerable weight in assisting the public judgment as to the share which the working-man ought to have in the future government of the country, is unavoidable. Mr. BRIGHT will have to account, not so much for the horrid fact as for the sort of justification of it which the authority of Mr. BROADHEAD's official position conveys. We are not going into rodomontade on this very plain point; nor are we saying that Mr. BRIGHT would venture on such very maladroitness as Mr. BROADHEAD has done. But thus the matter stands. There is the FERNYHOUGH case; and there is Mr. BROADHEAD's letter; and this is Trades' Unionism at work; and there is also the project for giving up the largest share of the government of the British Empire to Trades' Unionism—not the Trades' Unionism of books and philosophers, but the Trades' Unionism of Sheffield. Two and two cannot be more easily put together than can this sum in political arithmetic be worked out. By the way, we hear of indignation meetings at Sheffield, and subscriptions entered into for offering rewards, and so on. But what about the Home Office? Has Mr. WALPOLE's "attention been called" to this little accident? Or, if any of the perpetrators are discovered, might not a Special Commission enlighten the Sheffield mind a little on certain points of Sheffield doctrine and practice? It would be a great discredit, we fear, to the men of Hallamshire; but we regret to say that it would be difficult to make Sheffield blacker than it is.

BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.

AMONG the legacies left by the late Ministry to their successors there is none which a statesman would be more rejoiced to receive than that which has fallen into the lap of the Earl of CARMARVON. It is not often that colonial affairs bring anything but petty vexation to those who have to administer them, but the opportunity of creating a nation out of the hitherto divided Provinces of British North America is one which may give to the Minister who completes the task a chance of a reflected immortality such as the Colonial Office very seldom offers. We have no right to complain that the complicated arrangements involved in the scheme of confederation should not have been finally arranged immediately after the Quebec Conference. A number of difficulties remained to be surmounted after the delegates of the various Provinces had agreed upon a scheme. There were still doubts to be quieted in Lower Canada; and even after the conclusive verdict of the Canadian Parliament, the feeling of that country remained far from unanimous. The Maritime Provinces were still less ripe for the great change, and all of them were at first disposed to reject the project of union which their representatives at Quebec had approved. This untoward circumstance was due in part to the selection of delegates who could scarcely claim to command the confidence of the people, and in a greater degree to the startling novelty of a proposal which, though often brought forward, had never before been forced on the consideration of the people. That outlying islands, like Newfoundland and little Prince Edward's Island, should hesitate about the plan of merging their existence in a vast continental colony was neither surprising nor fatal to the scheme. It was quite practicable to bind the continental colonies in a close Confederation, leaving the insular Provinces to throw in their lot with it when their scruples were removed, as sooner or later they could not fail to be. But the resistance of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, while it lasted, was an absolute bar to the prosecution of the enterprise, and at first both these colonies assumed an attitude of decided opposition. To us in England it was difficult to understand why these small, though energetic, communities should object to a close material, commercial, and political union with their more important neighbours. Railway communication with the whole of Canada, free frontiers in place of restrictive tariffs, and joint action where separate measures of defence could only prove useless, appeared to mere spectators quite conclusive in favour of the proposal, so far as the Maritime Provinces were concerned, and so in the end they have proved. In New Brunswick the adverse legislative majority has dwindled to a little opposition of eight against a consolidated Confederation party commanding more than thirty votes in the Provincial Parliament. In Nova Scotia, also, notwithstanding the most energetic agitation against the scheme, large majorities in both Houses have concurred in sending plenipotentiaries to England fully empowered to discuss and agree upon the terms of an Imperial statute, to be

based generally on the Quebec proposals, though not limited to all their provisions in detail. But it was not to be expected, perhaps not to be desired, that this marked change of sentiment should at once silence all opposition; and indeed it would not be easy fully to appreciate the benefits which confederation promises to the Maritime Provinces, without first hearing the feeble objections which are still urged by the discomfited minority.

Most of these complaints, though doubtless familiar enough to colonial ears, will have come for the first time to the knowledge of Englishmen from a pamphlet lately published by a Mr. HOME, who has led the opposition in Nova Scotia with a frantic vehemence which ought to be a sign of unquestionable sincerity. Mr. HOME's arguments, however, are about as conclusive in favour of the scheme which he denounces as anything which could possibly be urged by its supporters. He uses, of course, the plea by which, in a small country, union with a more powerful neighbour is always resisted. British American Confederation means, according to Mr. HOME, the absolute subjection of the smaller colonies to Canadian rule. When it is said that the larger of two united countries must dominate over the smaller, it is tacitly assumed that the union will be a failure. If England and Scotland had retained adverse interests and sentiments, the evils predicted by Northern patriots as the necessary result of the legislative union between the two countries would very likely have been felt; but weak as Scotland is, compared with England, both in population and wealth, and even more so in the share of representation allotted to her, she has managed at the same time to retain her national predilections, and to govern England at least as much as England governs her. It will be the same in America; and whatever may be the difficulties of working the scheme of Confederation, they do not lie in any risk of the small but important Maritime Provinces being swamped in the vortex of purely Canadian politics. To do Mr. HOME justice, he seems only to use this argument as a skilful tactician will use any means of winning the prejudices of his hearers to his side. His essential objections to any form of union with the larger colonies are of a very different kind. He assumes that Canada, with her long frontier and her (at present) scattered population, would be not only difficult, but impossible, to defend against aggression from the United States. He admits at the same time that New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are still less capable of self-defence, and he objects to a union under which the whole country would have to co-operate with England in a common struggle, because he prefers to rely ingloriously on the protection of the British navy, or, failing that, to trust to the chapter of accidents. His genuine belief evidently is that, if England did her utmost, she would still be unable to resist American encroachment; and if the colonies remain divided and supine, this opinion is probably right. The strange part of the argument, however, is that an extreme, if not exaggerated, estimate of American power, as compared with colonial weakness, is made a ground for rejecting a proposal one of the main objects of which is to consolidate the strength of British North America in the face of the serious contingencies which menace it. Mr. HOME's theory is that his own little colony, together with the Canadas, lies absolutely at the mercy of the dominant faction in the United States, and the best advice he can give in the emergency is to avoid every attempt to obtain greater security, lest the United States should take umbrage at such struggles against manifest destiny, and instantly proceed to the process of annexation. The only hope which Mr. HOME sees for his country is to live in reliance on the continued forbearance of its mighty neighbour, to make no preparations and assume no airs of self-defence, to bow to all the dictation on tariffs or other matters which may come from Washington, and so to preserve a humiliating semblance of independence, which it would be in vain to strive to convert into a substantial national existence. From these views opposition to Confederation follows of necessity, for the whole scheme is founded on the more dignified and hopeful, and, we believe, also the truer view, that, with union among the colonies and union with the Mother-country, the strength of British North America would be quite enough to induce the United States to hesitate before provoking a causeless rupture. The large majorities by which the scheme of Confederation has been supported show that this, at any rate, is the opinion of the colonists; but Mr. HOME's pamphlet is valuable as showing on how weak a basis of provincial prejudice and political cowardice the opposition to this large scheme of union has been built.

In Canada the difficulties suggested were of a more practical kind, and it was impossible not to recognise, in some of the thoughtful speeches of the Opposition,

matter for grave consideration in settling the details of so complicated a scheme. The mistake at first made by the Canadian opponents of the enterprise was in confounding difficulty with impossibility, and it is said now that some of those who at first were prominent in the minority are now hopefully lending their aid to surmount the obstacles by which they were at first alarmed. In every way, not less by opposition than by support, the scheme has been rapidly maturing in the minds of those most interested in it during the forced inaction of the last year, and Lord CARNAVARON will probably be able to take up the question at a point considerably more advanced than that at which Mr. CARDWELL left it. That he has every disposition to follow the policy of his predecessor cannot be doubted after his explicit declarations at the dinner recently given to the delegates from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but the British Minister, after all, can be little more than a moderator in a discussion in which the representatives of the negotiating colonies must take the most active part. The absence of the Canadian delegates has prevented any progress being made as yet with the proposed Confederation Bill. There is no reason to suppose that the delay implies any hesitation on the part of Canada in the course on which she has entered, and it may be hoped that before long the delegates already in this country will be joined by their Canadian colleagues, and be occupied with more serious work than the interchange of after-dinner courtesies with Colonial Ministers and sympathizing friends.

OLD-FASHIONED SINS.

THE history of mankind may be traced by the sins which have gone out of fashion. Not that it, at all follows that mankind tends to perfection, or even to improvement. There is a fashion in sinning, as in other things. One popular sin may have gone out with the use of wigs, but another has perhaps been introduced with cylindrical hats; if so, it has brought its punishment along with it. Moral diseases change their type like physical. The Black Death and other hideous sicknesses have gone out, but we have got a good many new and virulent diseases in their place. Whether the physical constitution of men has on the average improved or decayed is a question for physicians to settle; and moralists may decide, if they can, whether we are on the whole better or worse than our forefathers. Believers in democracy will of course hold that we are improving; and staunch old Tories, that we are steadily declining in virtue. The cynical part of mankind will fall back on the somewhat musty aphorism that human nature is much the same in all ages, which is as far from the truth as most aphorisms. It depends for its superficial probability upon an arbitrary division between the permanent character of a man and the modifications produced by circumstances. We do not know that those modifications are merely temporary, and that a modern Englishman transplanted back to the middle ages would throw off his present habits as easily as he would change his clothes. On the contrary, it is more likely that some passions are ultimately killed out by particular forms of society, as the instincts of a beast are altered by his domestication. The moral injunctions which were applicable in previous ages thus gradually acquire a curious tinge of *naïveté*; they are directed against sins which have so changed in character that we have some difficulty in discovering their modern representatives. In some cases, we have merely changed our mode of action. We have learnt to convey, and not to steal; to break a wife's heart by refined spiritual torture, instead of knocking her down with a club and stamping upon her; to influence by delicate attentions, instead of practising coarse bribery; and so forth. But there are also some sins for which we seem to have grown too sensible or too virtuous.

For example, old-fashioned moralists are always talking about the wickedness of revenge. People seem really to have taken an exquisite pleasure in revenging themselves; they are warned against yielding to its temptations as a working-man of the present day is warned against drinking gin. It is supposed to be undoubtedly wrong, but so pleasant that it requires almost superhuman strength to refrain from it. Now what civilized being at the present day really thinks it worth while to take any trouble to revenge himself? If any one has injured his vanity, has treated him in public places with contempt, or exposed his folly, he is rather glad than otherwise to pay off his adversary when the occasion comes; but to make vengeance any very serious object of thought, much more to devote a life to it after the melodramatic fashion, is so rare as to be almost an evidence of insanity. In old days, the case would naturally be different. A feudal baron, in the intense dullness of his country life, would very likely have nothing else to think of than the injury done to him by some brutal likeness of himself; the one great excitement of his life being a fight, he would be always employing his imagination at odd times in taking his enemy at a disadvantage, getting him down, and casting him into a loathsome dungeon. He might brood over this for hours, when his modern counterpart would be reading the *Times*. It would doubtless be extremely gratifying when he could ultimately change these amiable fancies into facts, and get his enemy bodily into the loathsome dungeon before his eyes. It would be a real addition to his narrow round of amusements to gloat over his unlucky victim in the dungeon, to ask him how he

liked mouldy bread and stinking water, and perhaps ultimately to put his eyes out, or starve him, after the playful custom of the period. Loathsome dungeons have, however, gone out of fashion. If a country gentleman were to get another into his power, and lock him up in the coal-cellar, there would be a row about it in the papers; he therefore gives up meditating such an action as a part of real life; he does not even anticipate very seriously that he will ever be able to knock his enemy's head off, though he sometimes uses some such traditional form of words as roughly expressing his feelings. As distractions are more plentiful than they used to be—even in the country—it is much easier to forget all about his injury, thus combining obedience to Christian morality with amusement. Mr. Mudie's Library has no doubt done a good deal towards eradicating this evil passion. Revenge is still known, indeed, and is exemplified by occasional murderers, and eccentric old bachelors and ladies; but in the classes whose time is fully occupied it has gone pretty well out of fashion; the pleasure is not worth the trouble. It is still believed in by novelists, because it is very convenient for dramatic purposes, and because nine-tenths of novelists draw, not from life, but from their predecessors. But even novelists are beginning to find it very hard to introduce it with any probability. It is one of the many excellences attributed to Mr. Guy Livingstone that he has a very low opinion of the Christian virtue of forgiveness. But the author is amusingly unable to give him an opportunity of gratifying his revengeful spirit. He goes about cursing and swearing a good deal; but the worst he can do, when it comes to the point, is to decidedly cut the person who has offended him. Duelling is gone out of fashion, and murder is not common in good society. The way in which the heroes of most novels revenge themselves is by one of those elaborate and diabolical plots which have, so far as we have ever heard, absolutely no counterpart in real life. People sometimes tell a good many lies to get up the shares of a railway company, or to send down a horse in the betting; but the plot of fiction—the elaborate arrangement in which the villain brings the virtuous characters under the influence of a diabolical enchantment, causing everybody to misunderstand everybody else throughout two volumes and a half—is simply fictitious. No one has time enough to weave such tangled webs of deceit. The villain has to be at his chambers or on the Stock Exchange, and cannot be bothered with acting Iago in common life; he would much rather give up the lady and the revenge, and take it out in money. One common device of novelists is exemplified in a story in *Pickwick*, where a gentleman manages, after a long course of commercial operations, to sell up his enemy, and leave him to starve in the Fleet; he of course appears subsequently, wrapped in a cloak (another arrangement which has perhaps become obsolete with the decline in melodramatic revenges), and reveals himself to his victim with an appropriate speech. But even this sort of revenge is already losing its efficiency; it depends upon the old law of imprisonment for debt, and the probable result in real life would be that the old gentleman would go through the court and retire upon a moderate competency, which would be a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion. Moreover, no good man of business would think of mixing up business with revenge. It is generally fatal to both purposes to endeavour to combine benevolence with business. If you invest money with the purpose of doing good, you probably get no interest and no thanks; but to invest it with malevolent objects would be even worse, in a commercial as well as a Christian point of view. In short, it is getting daily more difficult to injure our enemies satisfactorily, and we have daily a greater number of causes of distraction. It is not yet easy to love our enemies, but it is remarkably easy not to hate them. In fact, very few men have got any enemies in the proper sense of the word. In a remote district the parson and the squire may quarrel, and go on "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," for any number of years; but how could a parson and one of his parishioners quarrel to any effect in London? The parishioner may cease to go to the parson's church, or to ask him to dinner; but that is a very negative way of quarrelling; the two fill too little space in each other's lives to be capable of inflicting or receiving much injury. There are many men for whom one feels an instinctive dislike, but the worst that the most spiteful of us can do is to avoid their company, and perhaps to speak ill of them behind their backs. And nobody is seriously the worse nowadays for a little backbiting. The world won't trouble itself about trifles, and such hostility is at most like throwing a few shells into a fortified town. It is annoying, but does no vital injury.

There are various other vices which tend to become obsolete on the same principle. Why used our fathers, fifty years ago, to consume two bottles of port after dinner? Simply because life was so dull that they had nothing better to do. The dreary old bacchanalian melodies about driving away care merely meant that an elderly gentleman of the period was generally bored unless he was drunk. No man could now afford to dine early every day, and pass the evening boozing, even if it were intrinsically pleasant. A somewhat similar case is that of gambling, considered as distinct from speculation. People enjoy games of pure chance because it is the simplest possible way of obtaining excitement without even an intellectual effort. Savages are keen gamblers, when they have a chance; it is a pleasant relief to the torpor of their ordinary lives at home. Red Indians, after losing all their other property, will stake their scalps, their lives, or their liberties. In more civilized

states of society a craving for excitement will induce men to gamble in proportion to their indolence and recklessness. Some of the old savage spirit is therefore still kept alive. The heavy gambling of the last century has rather gone out of fashion, because the class amongst whom it flourished is on the whole better employed. The Turf still gives opportunities for sheer gambling, of which plenty of persons are ready to take advantage; which proves that there is still a large class of people with too little mind to appreciate any intellectual source of excitement, with too little serious occupation to preserve them from dulness, with too little forethought to appreciate the real value of their prospects, and with too much money to be good for them. The first three qualities make them approximate to the Red Indian as closely as other differences permit, and they take the best way for removing the distinction founded upon the last quality. The Turf is of course an improvement intellectually upon games of pure chance, in so far as the gamblers generally expect to win by superior knowledge or skill. Whether this is a moral advantage is a very different question. In the same way, gambling on the Stock Exchange of course involves intellect—especially if that name includes every variety of cunning. We should therefore say that the old vice of gambling tends to go out of fashion and to be superseded by the more refined vice—or perhaps we should call it virtue—in which intellect has a share as well as chance.

The general tendency of these changes, as of so many others, is to what is called the softening of modern life—the extirpation of the gross, brutal vices of former ages; and, in cases where they subsist in other forms, the substitution of more refined and indirect modes of gratifying the passion. Possibly the passion which is in some cases gradually starved out by this treatment is in others stimulated. If envy, hatred, and malice are on the whole declining, certainly picking and stealing do not seem to fall off. The modes by which property may be made to change hands are so various, and have been elaborated with such marvellous ingenuity, that the old language of theft is becoming inadequate. Railway Companies have quite distanced pickpockets. But, it is only fair to add, this kind of cheating can only grow in proportion to the growth of confidence, so that perhaps it is a good sign on the whole.

MIDDLE-CLASS MORALITY.

RECENT transactions in the middle-class world furnish a striking and exceedingly unpleasant comment upon that public morality of which the Briton talks so loudly and confidently. Take, for instance, those dishonourable conspiracies on the London Stock Exchange against the stock of a given bank or of a given railway company. Or take the conduct of those who are implicated in the London, Chatham, and Dover disclosures; for though there may be a dispute as to the guilty persons, there is no dispute possible as to the fact that somebody or other has been tricky, mendacious, and fraudulent. Or take the unpatriotic misdeeds of the rich tradesmen, from Manchester and elsewhere, who went about scattering the wages of their own and other people's corruption in rotten boroughs. We can no longer settle all public iniquities by depositing them at the door of a bloated and effete aristocracy. And if we allow ourselves to go on calling the middle-class the great backbone of the country—a position which is supposed to follow from the bloatedness of the aristocracy—it must at least be admitted that a good many of the vertebrae are in an uncommonly shaky and decayed condition. After all, the great pursuit of the English middle-class is the search after money, and, next to this, the search after position. The average member of the middle-class first wants to be very rich, and then he wants to know how. Traditional morality may keep men with these designs straight for a certain time, perhaps for a generation or so; but at length the tradition grows weaker, while the desires have been growing stronger. There are, we know, plenty of people eager to be rich, who would not on any account soil their hands with shabby or questionable dealings in quest of riches. There are plenty of people, too, hungering and thirsting after an opportunity of getting a lord to dine with them, and yet who would not for the world cheat or swindle; that is, a man may be a flunkey and a snob without being a rogue as well. Only the tendency of one or two very strong and very mean desires is to produce a thoroughly mean character, and anything which wears away a man's self-respect at one point is most likely to infect it all round. The fact of seeking an elevated end disables one from having recourse to ignoble means. And, for the same reason, a man who is capable of habitually thinking of sordid and sorry ends is in a way to become capable of adopting unworthy and discreditable means to secure them.

Moralists have talked a great deal of nonsense in their time, and when they enjoin upon us all the virtues that belong to contented poverty they teach what is absolutely mischievous as well as nonsensical. If nobody wanted to be rich, nobody in our present stage of society would be industrious or thrifty, nobody would employ labour, nobody would have any interest in acquiring skill, or in making the best of it when it was acquired. We should be content, as our remote ancestors were, with roots and nuts. The windy sentimentalists who rave against the fundamental postulate of political economy forget all this. But the moralists are clearly right when they say that the tendency of the desire for riches, as an end in itself, is unfavourable to refinement or elevation of character. This is a commonplace

which needs neither new proof nor fresh illustration. Still, like a hundred other commonplaces, it is allowed to rest on its laurels, and is placed in the dim and drowsy limbo of admitted truths. We concede without an argument, in the first place, that the hunt after wealth tends to weaken character in certain very delicate and vital points; and, in the next, that most members of the middle-class are engaging in this perilous hunt with rapidly increasing activity. Yet everybody professes to be very much shocked and surprised when it appears from time to time that a great many of the leading men in commerce, the men who are types of what their neighbours are aspiring to be, pass through a hundred dirty bits of business in a twelvemonth, and think nothing the worse of themselves on this account. That people should be shocked at this is natural, because the traditions of a more honourable time still survive in sufficient strength to make dishonourable conduct unpleasant in our nostrils. But the surprise is quite unjustifiable. How can you expect commerce of itself to be an education in refined and elevated morality? This kind of morality is the product of one of two conditions—either of a profound and genuine religious sentiment, or else of a high culture. Nobody, we believe, would be disposed to go to the Exchange for either one or the other. There are cultivated men and religious men to be found there, very likely, but they are a tiny minority. The chief education of the commercial man is commerce itself. The young men who reach Manchester with two shillings and sixpence, and then in twenty years are rich enough to buy boroughs on strictly liberal and patriotic principles—what culture can they have? They may buy up all the pictures that they can lay their hands upon, and it is certainly very much better that they should buy pictures than that they should spend their money in buying voters. But pictures in big and staring frames do not make up culture. They make a fashionable and costly furniture for a room, like sideboards and mirrors, but they do not give the man who owns them ideas as to his social duty. A taste for handsome furniture is quite compatible with the easiest and loosest public morality in the world, with the most hopeless paucity of ideas, with the darkest ignorance of all that has been done and thought and felt in the great world of past and present that lies outside the Exchange doors. But the education of life, it is asked, is that to count for nothing? Is it not far more wide, impressive, and enduring than any that can be got from dead printed pages? This attitude towards learning was the natural result of a just reaction against the tyranny of pedants and bookworms, but the time for assuming it has fully passed away. It is no longer necessary, in order to put down the despotism of professors, to maintain that buying and selling, eating and drinking, manufacturing and higgling and haggling, constitute all the education in ideas that any reasonable man can desire, and that is good and wholesome for him. And the moment that the necessity for repressing arid schoolmasters had ceased, such talk ought to cease also. We see every day what the education of life, ungrounded on other education, does for crowds of merchants and contractors and shopkeepers. Their contempt for ideas, being measured by their ignorance of them, is enormous and profound. They look upon disinterestedness as the dream of sentimental novelists. A man who would sacrifice a thousand a year for a theoretic principle is a fool who will justly end his days in the lunatic department of a workhouse. A poet is a person who writes for young ladies, and manufactures ornaments for the drawing-room table. A painter is a person who manufactures ornaments for the dining-room walls. Historians, biographers, and essayists are over-rated and over-paid people who supplement the work of the cabinet-maker who supplied the bookcase. Is it wonderful that men for whom the education of life has done this should see no harm, but rather the reverse, in a sharp trick, in a clever misrepresentation, in the nearness of a shave against an indictable fraud?

It need not be said that people may have the loftiest moral character without being the most lofty intellectually. You may find an old Scotch peasant animated by all but the very highest emotions, and filled with delicacy and elevation and refinement. Still, this is mainly because he is educated, and because the system of his country makes him familiar with Hebrew history and morality and ideas. Looking at Scriptural training apart from its strictly religious side, it gives a peasant, who has had a fair elementary education to begin with, poetry and philosophy and history all in one. The English trader is too often a great deal too busy making haste to be rich even to think of the history and philosophy and poetry which he may hear, and does hear, any Sunday before the sermon begins. Much less has he any time or freedom of spirit for a search after ideas. And though, as we have just said, a man may have very high principles of conduct without much book-learning, this scarcely affects the fact which all experience teaches, that the highest conduct is the fruit of the character that has been most raised by wise intellectual culture. In the present conditions of English life, the inordinateness of the desire to make money, or to get on in some other mean way, makes more irreparable the divorce between the practical and the literary classes. Of course we are speaking of classes and tendencies, apart from remarkable and solitary exceptions in individual cases. Whence comes it, for instance, that the number of students at Oxford and Cambridge remains comparatively stationary, while the wealth of the middle-classes has been increasing in such gigantic proportions? The Universities themselves abound in defects and excesses, in sins of omission and sins of commission, and are capable of vast improvement in

what they omit to teach, in what they do teach, and in the spirit in which they teach. But this alone is very far from accounting for the comparative apathy with which the opulent middle-class regards University education. This apathy is only a type of their feeling towards all the higher education. It is said, indeed, that tradesmen do not send their sons to college because college training hinders the promotion of practical business habits. If this be so, the tradesmen must be great blockheads, or else they would scarcely overlook the numbers of cases in which an old firm has been lifted out of the rut and carried on to splendid prosperity by some son who has taken a double-first at Oxford. The real argument on which the trader relies in his own mind is that education means loss of time, and that loss of time means loss of money, and that this means loss of the one thing that is worth living for. The consequence of all this is a lowering of tone among the middle-class, and an increased readiness to apply the maxim that all's fair in love and war to the getting of cash. An educated man may be a swindler, or may at least stoop to shabby and low transactions, but he is all the less likely to do this for being educated. People once argued against popular education that it would make the offence of forgery easier, and therefore more common. They forget that it would make people less disposed to commit the offence, though it would make them cleverer at handwriting. A double-first classman might cheat a railway company, or join a Stock-Exchange conspiracy, or bribe a voter; but then he would perhaps have deliberately forged, or even committed a murder, if he had not been a double-first. We are not saying that all commercial people should go to Oxford, or that they would be elevated to perfection if they did. Only they ought to make education in principles and ideas the first thing, and the art of accumulating much cash the second. There is not much visible prospect of their doing this, and consequently there is every prospect of commercial shabbiness and dishonesty and unscrupulousness increasing apace. The influence of the traditions of honour has been weakened, so has that of religious feeling, and neither has been generally replaced by anything better than a partial and fluctuating belief in the copy-book legend that honesty is the best policy—honesty of course being an elastic phrase, to be interpreted according to circumstances. Until culture has come in to fill the moral gap, the English middle-class will continue to supply more people with low aims than is good for its fame; for people with low aims can scarcely be elevated in their choice of means.

PEDANTRY.

THERE are some accusations which are, under certain given circumstances, brought against certain people as a matter of course—accusations which are in truth so completely a matter of course that things would seem not to be going in their natural order if they were not brought. They may chance to be true, or they may chance to be false, but they are brought as a regular matter of routine without any regard to their truth or falsehood. And the strange thing is that, though the charges of which we speak are thus brought almost as a matter of form, they do not have the less effect upon people's minds. It is so very easy to give a dog a bad name and hang him—if you throw a good deal of dirt, some of it is so sure to stick—that a lightly-hazarded accusation against any man has much more weight than anything which is equally lightly hazarded in his favour. Also the class of accusations of which we speak are commonly made in the interests of one of the strongest passions of fallen human nature, the dread of the trouble of thinking. A thing is perhaps set before you, to examine which, and to accept or to condemn it on its merits, would really call for the exertion of thought. It is very convenient in such cases to have two or three formulas at hand, by an appropriate use of which you can at once get rid of a troublesome project and do it in a way which implies your own infinite superiority to the projector.

Perhaps, when we say "accusations," we use too strong a word, for in the sort of cases which we mean, the object commonly is, not strictly to accuse, but simply to get rid of a thing, to find an excuse for oneself in refusing to take the trouble required to form a sound judgment. But practically it is an accusation; it is a charge which sticks to a man, and which may seriously damage him. For instance, how many schemes of all sorts are thrust aside by so-called practical men with the easy condemnation that they are "unpractical." No doubt they often are so, sometimes wholly, still more commonly in part; but we know that they are constantly cast aside, not really because they are unpractical, but because to say they are unpractical is an easy and effectual way of getting rid of them. To say offhand that a thing is unpractical at once saves the trouble of thinking whether it really is unpractical or not, and it establishes the practical character of the man who can tell what is practical and what is unpractical at a glance. Now, though this way of treating things is clearly utterly unfair, it need not be consciously dishonest. Of course it may be so. There is, we think, a story in the *Spectator* of a man, a dignitary of some kind, who complained that poets were always sending him their verses for his opinion. He had neither time nor capacity to judge of them. His friend counselled him to put on a wise air, to look at the manuscript for a little while, and then to throw it down, saying "sad stuff." In nine cases out of ten, that verdict would be the right one. So very likely it was; but it might be the wrong one in the tenth case, and, even in the other nine, it

was hardly honest. But, in most cases, when people set a thing aside in this hasty way, they are not at all conscious that they are acting unfairly. Their dread of the trouble of thinking leads them to pass a hasty judgment; but, in passing that hasty judgment, they really mean what they say. They gladly catch at any obvious and superficial excuse to escape the work of examination; but the excuse is one which they catch at, not one which they deliberately invent. The judgment thus passed, though hasty and therefore unfair, will commonly have some sort of apparent justice, some superficial connection with the real state of the case. Without this sort of apparent justice, it would hardly obtain any vogue at all.

Let us take an instance of the way in which hasty judgments of this sort are applied to one class of objects, namely to works of learning. It is perhaps not too much to say that there is a class of critics who have only two alternative judgments in such cases. A man's book, and, in the same way, his lectures, his conversation, anything else in which his intellectual qualities display themselves, is either "pedantic" or else it is "shallow." The two qualities of "pedantry" and "shallowness" are, like prose and verse, an absolutely exhaustive division. Whatever is not pedantic is shallow, and whatever is not shallow is pedantic. Of course the epithets are not thrown about absolutely at random. They are applied only where there is some sort of superficial propriety in their application. If a man is conscientiously accurate about all things great and small, if he takes care to call everybody and everything by his or its right name, if he requires his readers to take nothing on his own word, but refers them to original authorities for every statement—if, in short, a man's writings display careful and honest reading and reflection—what he gets for his pains is to be called "pedantic." Of course qualities like these stand in a certain real relation to pedantry; pedantry is their abuse, their shadow, their mockery, in Aristotelian language their *παρὰβασις*. Therefore, in dealing with a man of this sort, the most obvious thing is to charge him with pedantry. There is a superficial propriety about the charge, so it is likely to stick. Of course there is no need to go deeply into the matter to bring it; it is enough to turn over a few pages, to see a few words or forms of words to which you are unaccustomed, to see a few references to writers of whom you have never heard; here is quite evidence enough, and the charge of pedantry may be safely brought at once. The trouble of reading and thinking is saved, and your own reputation is made with the slightest possible effort. For your censure of course makes everybody take for granted that you yourself possess all, or more than all, of any real learning which the author possesses, and that without the alloy of pedantry with which in his case it is unluckily disfigured. It is fine and easy and Epicurean-god-like thus to dismiss things in the grand style; "Oh, we need not take the trouble to listen to him; look at his pedantry in every page of his book."

It is exactly the same in the opposite case. If a writer is brilliant in point of style, if he throws a personal interest into his characters, if he gives a picturesque effect to his local descriptions, nothing is so easy as to complain of the absence of the very qualities of whose presence you complain in the other case. It is all very pretty doubtless, all very pleasant to read, it is almost as interesting as a novel; but there is really nothing in it; there is no sign of research or reflection whatever; the thing is palpably "shallow" on the face of it. It is hardly possible to avoid both of these opposite rocks. A man who collects facts, who puts them in order perhaps, but leaves them in the main to speak for themselves, is a dull plodder, a mere Gibeonite, a hewer of wood and drawer of water. If he makes use of his facts, if he draws inferences from them, if he sees any meaning in them or tries to recognise any leading idea or principle as running through them, then he is a mere theorist; it is all pretty, perhaps clever, but it is so fanciful; there is nothing after all to be trusted but the hard, dry facts which can't go astray. If a man fairly weighs two sides of a question, and sees that on each side there is a good deal of truth and a good deal of falsehood, then he is so undecided that his opinion is not worth having. If he forms an opinion decidedly and expresses it strongly, then it is just his crotchet; he is so prejudiced in behalf of his crotchet that all that he says is worthless. Call the result of years of thought and reading a crotchet, and you carry your point at once and triumphantly.

The particular charge of pedantry perhaps deserves a rather fuller examination than its fellows. The strict notion of pedantry we conceive to be the uncalled for and inappropriate display of learning, mostly of rather small learning. The learning of the pedant is real as far as it goes, but it is neither wide nor deep. He attaches vast importance to small matters; he thinks more of form than of substance; things are in his eyes of less importance than names. Etymologically a pedant means a schoolmaster, and it is clear that these are just the faults to which the calling of a schoolmaster supplies temptations. A schoolmaster, except of the very highest class, has to deal mainly with words and forms; he must require minute accuracy in very small matters; he is constantly tempted to look on any deviation from prescribed routine in point of form as of perhaps greater importance than a deviation from real accuracy in point of substance. But we assume that the schoolmaster really knows what he professes to teach; his knowledge may be very small, it may be stunted and narrow both in kind and in degree, but we assume that it is real as far as it goes. The pedant, then, is a man who acts as the schoolmaster is tempted to act. He is a man who, consciously or uncon-

sciously, makes a needless display of his knowledge, and who is specially scrupulous about accuracy in trifles. It is thus easy to see with how very little trouble the charge of pedantry can be fixed on any really learned man. Such a man may hold his peace altogether, he may keep his tongue or his pen quite silent; he may confine himself strictly to matters of business, or he may, in addition to his other merits, possess the gift of varied and agreeable small talk. As long as he does any of these things, he may escape being found out. But when he gets beyond them, the fact of his learning is sure to ooze out. He is almost sure to be struck by analogies, by the likeness between what is going on about him and something else which is perfectly familiar to him but which people in general do not know about. To bring forward analogies of this kind is what he is always tempted to do, but whenever he is so tempted, he must carefully weigh his chances in the balance. Will he really please and instruct a few at the risk of being called a pedant by the many? He will seem to be needlessly careful about trifles, about words and forms of words; but it is simply because he knows that they are not trifles. He knows whence words come and whither they go, and he knows the practical evil which may result from using the wrong word. To take a familiar instance, not only is all past history confused, but a serious danger in present politics is produced by our wretched habit of calling German men and German cities by French names. We may be absolutely certain that this habit leads Englishmen in general to look with far less horror than they otherwise would upon the possible absorption of Western Germany by France. It produces a lurking idea that Mayence and Aix-la-Chapelle are, or ought to be, French after all. But the man who resists this tendency, and who ventures to call Mainz and Aachen by their real names, must be prepared to endure the inevitable charge of pedantry. It is pedantry again to call men, offices, institutions, by their correct titles, instead of using names in any confused way that comes uppermost. That is to say, it is pedantry to treat people in past times or in distant countries in exactly the same way in which it is confessedly a moral duty to treat people of our own age and country. The scholar takes care to use the right title in the one case, and the votary of the Red Book takes care to use the right title in the other case. It grates as much on the ear of a scholar to hear a dead King turned into an Emperor as it can possibly grate on the ear of a King-at-arms to hear a living Marquis turned into a Duke. In most cases, in short, pedantry simply means love of accuracy—that is to say, love of truth. The charge of pedantry is never just, except when display is evidently the main object of the pedant. But, in most of the cases of which we speak, display is not thought of at all. It is as natural to the accurate man to speak accurately as it is to the inaccurate man to speak inaccurately.

The real pedant, we assumed above, is not a blunderer. His knowledge may not be very deep, and it may be needlessly paraded; still it is real as far as it goes. But there is a sort of false pedantry, which shows itself in attempts at displaying knowledge which does not exist. There are a class of people who are ever on the watch to parade their supposed learning, but who in truth succeed only in parading their real ignorance. They will make some allusion, they will attempt to draw some comparison, they will make some quotation, or use some unusual word, in a way which is evidently meant to challenge admiration for their superior knowledge, while in truth the allusion, comparison, or whatever it may be, is simply a rank blunder. The Correspondents of the *Times* are among the greatest masters in this way. There is, to be sure, a more exalted person who is, to all appearance, a greater master still; but then we suspect that most of the blunders which issue from the Imperial mint are not simple, honest blunders, but deliberate attempts to practise on public ignorance. Now we do not suspect the *Times'* Correspondents of anything worse than what Mr. Grote calls "the conceit of knowledge without the reality." We are sure it was in the honesty of his heart that one of the brotherhood the other day got up into an old tower somewhere in the Archduchy of Austria, and began to moralize how, a thousand years ago, the ancestor of Francis Joseph could, from that tower, see the whole of his dominions. This is a good case of false pedantry; it is an attempt to display knowledge where no knowledge exists; the man who lets out the fact that he supposes that ancestors of Francis Joseph reigned in Austria a thousand years ago simply displays his ignorance when he wishes to display his learning. So one of his brethren, or perhaps the same, gets into the Kingdom of Saxony, and there begins to moralize about Saxons in general, "Edward [which Edward?] and Harold," and what not. Now in a certain sense this is not inaccurate, as no doubt a large portion of the inhabitants of modern Saxony are of true Saxon descent. But the writer evidently thought that the modern Saxony is the Saxony, the home of the Saxon race, instead of a comparatively modern conquest from the Slaves. We feel sure that such a writer would not have begun to moralize about Saxons anywhere in Hanover or Holstein, where it would have been so much more to the purpose. But greater people than the *Times'* Correspondents sometimes err in the same way. What shall we say to Mr. Lowe's argument for preserving the borough of Calne? We do not hesitate to say that any argument for either preserving or destroying Calne or any other borough, grounded on the events of the tenth century, is pedantic on the face of it. It cannot possibly prove anything either way. But what if the utterly uncalled-for allusion proves to be a gross blunder? Mr.

Lowe pleaded for Calne on the ground that it was there that St. Dunstan "had that famous conflict with the arch enemy in which both disputants fell through the floor." The argument was no doubt a sportive one; Mr. Lowe has too much sense seriously to rest his cause on such nonsense. But one has a sort of satisfaction in seeing a man who thus attempts to display irrelevant knowledge falling into the quagmire of utter blunderdom. The scene of Dunstan's interview with the devil was not Calne, but Glastonbury; neither Dunstan nor devil is recorded to have fallen through any floor anywhere; at Calne, where the rest of the company, among whom the devil is not mentioned, did fall through the floor, Dunstan was the one man who did not. At the same time we can make one excuse for Mr. Lowe. He can be more easily forgiven than any other man for confounding what happened at Calne with what happened—if Mr. Lowe believes that it happened—at Glastonbury. At Glastonbury Dunstan's antagonist was the "arch enemy"; at Calne his antagonist was the party of the married clergy. Possibly Mr. Lowe meant to draw a parallel between Dunstan and himself. A great deal of Mr. Lowe's life has been spent, like Dunstan's, in waging war with the English clergy, who are mainly a married clergy. In his eyes the married clergy are probably looked upon as the "arch enemy"; Dunstan's antagonist at Glastonbury and Dunstan's antagonist at Calne may in his mind seem nearly the same thing, and he may fairly be forgiven for confounding the two places and the two events.

SEDUCTION AND INFANTICIDE.

THE Social Science people, as they are misnamed, have done service to society by propounding views on seduction and infanticide which are utterly irreconcilable with well-known facts. In the next place they have convincingly shown that both of these subjects can only be treated satisfactorily when taken out of the hands of dogmatic theorists and prejudiced statisticians. That the number of infanticides in Dr. Lankester's sense of the word—that is, of murders of children born alive—averages 1,000 a year throughout England, there is no proof as yet. And still less proof is there that such child-murders are committed as always, or in the majority of cases, perpetrated by girls whose maternity is the result of "seduction." There is, of course, some connection between the crime of child-murder and the guilt of seduction. But that unchastity is invariably due to any art of seduction, or that women who are guilty of infanticide have generally been seduced, are propositions which will be not readily admitted by any one who knows anything of the world in which he lives.

First, as regards the destruction of infant life. We believe that it happens less frequently in the manner described by Dr. Lankester than he assumes. But at the same time we fear that it happens in another way more frequently than is generally supposed. The cases are comparatively few where women deliberately suffocate or poison their offspring, while cases are frequent where mothers fatally neglect them or connive at the fatal neglect of them. And it should be remembered that this neglect is by no means confined to girls who have become mothers without the antecedent condition of marriage. It is, we fear, nearly as often exhibited by married women who are desirous of getting rid of a heavy incumbrance. In both cases the same cause produces the same effect—namely, the expense, harass, and privation entailed by a numerous family in the lower ranks of life. Many an unmarried woman feels no great pang at the loss of the one child whose nursing causes a considerable drain on her scanty wages; and many a married woman is not sorry to hear that "the Lord has taken" one of a numerous family from the village nurse whose weekly stipend her own and her husband's earnings are manifestly insufficient to defray. In fact, the care of providing for a large family, and the hard life which it entails, reconcile many a mother, who in other circumstances would be tender and affectionate, to a bereavement which at all events diminishes her expenses; just as the irksome duty of toiling for a child which she rarely sees reconciles the servant or the factory-girl to the loss of her illegitimate infant. It is not absolutely necessary to invent the hypothesis of collusive or indirect murder. When we know on how slight a thread hang the lives of all young children—what attention, what watching, what luxuries are required by many to preserve their frail existence under the most favourable conditions—it is no wonder that they fade away when unwatched, poorly clad, and poorly fed. What is to be borne in mind is that it is not (as assumed at Social Science meetings) only the children of unmarried women who swell the returns of infant mortality, and not the instigation of conscious shame which prompts these deaths, but that the children of married women contribute an equal proportion, and that both perish from the same cause—the poverty of the parents. Nothing shows the absurdity of these meetings so much as the discussion of this subject, and others similar to it. For it is hardly possible to treat them fully in the presence of the female members of the association, and it is wholly impossible for the ladies to treat them at all. For instance, all correlative topics which are suggested by the phrase "a French family" must be kept out of sight—at least out of hearing—in order to avoid shocking female modesty. Yet this one topic has an immediate bearing upon the whole question, which, indeed, cannot be discussed without reference to it. It is not a nice subject to enter upon; yet, unless it is noticed, it is impossible to understand either the nature of the evil which exists or the expediency of the remedies which are

proposed. Now it is tolerably well known to persons who have travelled abroad that, both in the highest classes and in the lower *bourgeoisie* of France, large families are equally eschewed. The French great lady especially dislikes the periodical isolation from society which is demanded from the joyful mother of many children; and the humbler *bourgeoisie* regards the honours of maternity as a poor set-off against the loss of employment and stipend which are necessary to the maintenance of her modest *ménage*. Those persons who are clamouring for fresh branches of female occupation may be advantageously referred to the recent comments of M. Arnould, who informs us that this greed for employment makes the Frenchwoman of the middle-class equally averse from having children, and, when she has them, from taking proper care of them. Even in America, where there is not that struggle for existence which warps the domestic sentiment in Europe, the newspapers abound with strange offers of children to any who will be kind enough to adopt them. As Dr. Lankester has embarked in investigations of this nature, he may perhaps carry them a little further, and set himself about finding out how many mothers of the lower middle-class in London avail themselves of French precedents to avoid the cares and expenses of maternity. We suspect that instances more numerous than he imagines would reward his inquiries, and would prove that there are other considerations which influence the minds of those likely to become mothers besides the consciousness of illicit love and the fear of its detection.

On this latter topic an infinite quantity of nonsense has been talked at the meeting of the social sciolists and out of it. First came the assumption that the bulk of children who die very soon after birth were illegitimate children; next, that the mothers who lost them were young girls who had been seduced. Then came the stock denunciations of the seducer, and proposals for punishing him more extravagantly silly than anything which Swift or Rabelais could have imagined in a violent humour of irony. In the opinion of a learned American lady and an English Dissenting minister who took part in this very nice discussion, every young woman who becomes a mother without the preliminary ceremony of marriage has been the victim of the most insidious and pertinacious corruption, to which she yielded only after the most stubborn resistance, offered under the most discouraging circumstances. People whose knowledge of what is passing around them can furnish them with such a premise are not likely to be very reasonable in the conclusions at which they arrive. Accordingly, the clerical Solomon suggests that all sexual intercourse should of itself constitute the ceremony, and entail the responsibilities, of marriage. The lady proposes the milder remedy of exiling from decent female society every man who has "seduced" a woman. As lady doctors and Dissenting ministers occasionally live in a world of their own, it may be as well to acquaint them that "seduction," as defined by them, rarely does occur. Very few men in good circumstances have the inclination, and fewer still have the opportunity, of looking out for beauteous virtue in order to corrupt it. And, to speak the plain truth, even those who, under other circumstances, might be disposed to expend time and money on the corruption of beauty and innocence are often saved the trouble by the advances which beauty, if not innocence, is disposed to make to them. It is one of the advantages which the much-lauded extension of education has wrought in our age that young women who, in other and less refined days, would have been satisfied to go out as housemaids will not now degrade themselves by taking any "menial" situation. Hard work disagrees with their health and their sensibilities. They dislike sweeping and scouring, but they are ready to take any "light situation," and the lighter it is the better it suits them. It is unnecessary to follow the career of a young lady who has learned to read novels, who is wearied of her own poor home, who will not take to hard work, who has a pretty face and a taste for pretty bonnets, and who advertises for a "light situation." There is generally but one career for her to embark on. She meets with some man—either young or old—who places her in a position "light" enough in all conscience, and free of all menial toil. And this is what an ignorant preacher and a theorizing lady are pleased to call "seduction," and which the one would punish by investing the pretty innocent with all the honours of a wife, while the other would ticket the seducer as a special sample of naughtiness for the sly and distant contemplation of all his young lady friends. The fact is, that for one case of one-sided seduction there are fifty cases of mutual and consensual unchastity. If Dr. Mary Walker and Mr. Solly are embarking in a crusade against unchastity, we only wish they would master the details of the subject before they begin their campaign.

We have quoted one preacher on this subject; it would be strange indeed if there were not another to say something just as foolish. Dean Close has his crotchet too, and a funny crotchet it is. He believes that the immorality of the Northern lasses is due to the opportunity they enjoy of marrying out of church and in the registrar's office. If one reason could be more absurd than any other, the reason alleged by Dean Close is entitled to the honours of precedence. Why, the sexual immorality of certain parts of the North (and, it might be added, of the West) of England dates from a period long anterior to the institution of the registrar and the secular performance of the marriage rite. It belongs to quite a different state of things, and springs from quite a different set of causes, from those which we have just quoted. For years and years before civil marriages were thought of, there were numerous

parishes in the North where notoriously the women never dreamed of getting married until they were on the eve of becoming mothers. So that the corrupting influence of the registrar's office is a pure delusion. The causes of this unchastity are various—the opportunities of intimacy in farm-houses; at fairs; and lastly, in towns, at the chapels and churches. No question of corruption by money has anything to do with this. It occurs almost entirely between persons of the same rank in life, is regarded as an incident of honourable courtship, and is—or at least used to be—followed by the solemnization of matrimony. In these cases the loss of chastity does not imply the loss of every other virtue. The woman who has yielded to the solicitations of her acknowledged lover remains constant to him till he marries her or—which used to be of rare occurrence—deserts her. Even in the latter contingency she does not lose her self-respect, or become either a drunkard or a prostitute. Unless her neighbours are very puritanical or very cruel, her lapse does not prevent her from getting a situation, or discharging its duties with fidelity. This is a class of cases wholly distinct from the category to which belong the incidents of metropolitan immorality—with the young lady-housekeepers, musical companions who speak several Continental languages, and all the aspirants for light situations in which nothing menial is required. We cannot say that there is no seduction in them. But it is not the sort of seduction imagined by Mr. Solly and Dr. Mary Walker. On the contrary, it is of a kind where the seducer generally repairs the wrong which he has done, and where there was every reason to anticipate that he would do so.

As to the prevention and the remedy of these two kinds of unchastity, that is a question which may well puzzle wiser heads than those of Dean Close, Mr. Solly, and Dr. Mary Walker. The first thing would be to eradicate from the human breast the strongest passion by which it is ever animated. The next would be to discountenance in young women the love of idleness, of dress, and of admiration. When the philosophers of Social Science have succeeded in these achievements, they ought to be publicly crowned in some central *Pan-Britannicon*. Though they may not succeed in completing their great task, they may succeed in doing something subsidiary to it. Let them abstain from assuring marriage with a young gentleman of property as a certain premium to every scullery-maid who loses her imputed virtue. Next, let them consider whether no small portion of the immorality in provincial towns is not due to the utter absence of all rational amusement. What is the life of a young provincial servant-girl, a young factory-girl, a milliner's assistant, or daughter of a small tradesman? It is one dreary routine of work, work, stitch, stitch, church-and-chapel-going. Six days of toil, interrupted by Wednesday evening's chapel, and closed by three services on Sunday; every amusement in the shape of dancing, music, theatres strictly interdicted, and its detected enjoyment severely punished. What does a certain party of the clergy, what can they, expect to happen when they have done a great wrong to nature by enforcing this rigorous Puritanism on young and healthy women? When they have included *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure* in the same category of condemnation as *Jack Sheppard* and the *Pet of the Prigs*, when they have confounded a decent dance in the presence of fathers and mothers with a disorderly junketing in a tavern booth, and simple ballads with the rollicking song of the night saloons, do they think that youthful blood will not avenge itself; and that church and chapel will not minister to passions which would be calmed by the contemplation of a great drama or the melody of sweet songs? French girls and German girls of the industrial classes are not only allowed but encouraged to attend the theatre, the concert, and the dancing-room, with proper companions and under proper conditions. They are not, as a rule, less virtuous than English girls; they have, as a rule, more self-respect; they are not more frequently "ruined"; and they certainly do not contribute nearly so large a proportion to the garish harlotry of our metropolitan streets as our poor girls whose first corruption was a natural reaction against the formal Puritanism which clouded their young days with a gloomy alternation of work and sermons, sermons and work.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

EVERYBODY pronounces the Church Congress to have been a distinguished success. There was every reason that it should be so. It was happy in the accidents of time and place, happy in its President, happy in its subjects, and happiest in its talkers. York combines in a pleasant way the spirit of the past and of the present. Picturesque, traditional, historical, the home of the great Northern magnates, the second city of England—an ecclesiastical metropolis, and yet a great centre of railways and commerce—York was unusually suited for the purpose. The Congress movement is old enough to have attained stability, and yet has sufficient freshness not to have lost the pleasant surprise of innovation. It has now compelled into its vortex the high dignitaries and authorities and responsibilities. What the two Primates accept must necessarily command respect. The perilous and tentative stage is passed, and routine and conventionalism have not yet begun. Everybody is on his best behaviour; and when the Church of England chooses to behave well, it can behave very well indeed. There is enough sense of responsibility for everybody to be careful and dignified; enough of freedom and elasticity not to hinder the play of personal freedom and natural-

ness. Then these Congresses give the notables, both the local notables and the general notables, a fair chance; and—which perhaps is their best feature—they invite men of opposite, or at least of other than converging, views to take part in them. Merely in the way of numbers, and in a representative character, such a meeting as this York Congress is something more than a striking fact. There were fourteen or fifteen bishops from the Southern and Northern English provinces, from the Colonies, from Scotland, and from the United States, laymen, nobles, lawyers, and Parliament men, a Cabinet Minister and an Attorney-General, a popular meeting of the working-men, and a cloud of Deans and Archdeacons both of the Church of England and the Church of Ireland. Essay-reading, speech-making, oratory illustrating the Church's external form in ritual and hymnody, and its internal spirit in such various matters, practical and theoretical, as doctrine, ceremony, history, education, sisterhoods, lay agency, "sociology," the connection between religion and recreation, foreign churches, missions—such a collection of subjects as this, merely as a fact quite apart from the treatment of the subjects, has its dignity. No doubt there is room for criticism. It is as in a great dinner, where there may be too much of a good thing, and there must be here and there a bad thing, but it is the *ensemble* which tells. It is easy to say that there must be superficiality in it all; that it begins and ends in reading and talking; that there is no business done, and nothing concluded. But to say all this, as may be so easily said, is in itself very superficial. To keep to our illustration, in a great sumptuous dinner it is the greatness and sumptuousness which is the dinner; it is the guests, the profusion, the largeness, the decorations, the formality, and gravity, not the mere dishes and bottles. And the advantage which a Congress ensures to the Church generally is that it brings out the many-sided character of the national religion; it shows, as a Congress perhaps alone can show, by how close and how many ties it is attached to all sorts of institutions. We are not of those who think that there is much in the worn-out cry of "the Church in danger." A Congress would rather tend to give an exaggerated estimate of the power and success of the Church. Of the two, it is calculated rather to suggest an over-favourable estimate of the actual state of things. But the world or the human mind is so constituted as to require each diet and regimen; the stimulant and the depletory treatment both have their uses. The most stagnant country rector must have some of his notions of ease—the ease either of stupidity or refinement—dispelled in the presence of this *triduum* of bustle, excitement, work, eloquence, progress, sensation, reforming and expanding, and going ahead in every direction. What is most obvious to compare these Congresses with is the old-fashioned May Meetings. But the May Meetings did not, or do not—for they are not, we believe, quite extinct—pretend to influence the whole Church. They are an agglomeration of separate units; but a Congress aims at wholeness and condensation of purpose. A May Meeting is an anniversary of a single society dedicated to a single and narrow and sectional object; but a Congress is of the whole Church. A May Meeting is of the friends of "the cause"; a Congress invites, sometimes provokes, discussion, and even collision. The object of one is to keep up a strong, if dull, heat; the object of the other is to strike out new flashes, and to set new furnaces in blast. To own to shortcomings and wants and failures is not out of place in a Congress; to paint the past in a uniform washy rose-colour is the right thing at Exeter Hall and Willis's Rooms.

At York, at any rate, there was no false and ideal picture of the actual Church of England, when we find Dean Close lecturing on teetotalism as the great panacea for English irreligion, and the Bishop of Ripon expounding the exploded Judaic Sabbatarianism; while Archdeacon Harris advocated the "highly organized sisterhoods," and Archdeacon Denison, *more suo*, pleasantly and sensibly defended Sunday cricket. Puritanism and the Book of Sports each had their advocate and their say; and though the palm of eloquence was borne away by two Irish Deans and a Colonial Dean, it was reserved for a London clergyman in a wretched Lambeth district to show what the Church can do in practical ministrations among the poor—work as simple and as truthful as that which the apostolic Bishop of Newfoundland described as his twenty years' life among the rude and ignorant fishermen of his inhospitable climate and the stormy wastes of the distant Labrador. This is as it should be. What the clerical mind is most deficient in is an appreciation of other people, other minds, other modes of doing things. The centre of a small sphere, and the head of a narrow organization, a parish—especially a country parish—has a dwarfing, cramping tendency. Few of us can make allowances for other people; but the country parson is strongly tempted to swanify himself. He is so very great a man in a small way that though he is not, from the necessity of the case, a goose himself, yet he is apt to consider most other people as little better than dachicks. Even now, with all our railways and foreign travel, he is of the island insular. It is still not only *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, but the world's model is Squashmere and its vicar. The constant week-by-week devotion, generally sincere and consistent enough, to one set of duties and one mode of discharging them, forms a peculiar character; not always a small character, but a character stiff and unsympathetic. A Congress may do a good deal in dispelling this kind of self-complacency, and in realizing to everybody who takes part in it the useful lesson of his own comparative smallness. Even the fopperies and the crudities and the ultraisms as seen at York, actual in the

flesh and embodied in "A. P. U. C.'s" and chasubles, may have an indirect use; they may by their extravagance correct incipient follies, as well as take the gloss off self-complacency in slovenliness. Huge choral celebrations, and York Minster thronged and crowded with worshippers, and echoing with anthem and song, must kindle the most Laodicean of Churchmen; while, from the sight of the politic mind and management of Archbishop Thomson, steering this cumbrous ship of a Congress over hidden rocks and right in the teeth of ugly gusts, there are few who would leave York unimpressed with the usefulness of serpentine wisdom as well as with the value of the opposite virtue as exhibited in the dove-like prudence of Bishop Feild. That so difficult a venture as a Congress should have been kept from a break-down, freighted as it was with all sorts of elements of discord, might, and we believe does, suggest to many a dull, honest, opinionated parson some sort of reason why he and his sillinesses and his little parochial institutions are so often failures.

There can be no question of it, whether people like the fact or not, that one of these great Congresses shows the immense power of the Church of England, and the vast energy, not always perhaps judiciously employed, which is at work in increasing and making the most of that power. And, further still, it proves not only the depth but the extent of the ground worked up by what is called the revival. A curious testimony to this was furnished by the proceedings of the Congregational Union—that is, of the Independent Dissenters—which happened to be in annual session at Sheffield at the very same moment that the Churchmen were in Congress at York. One of the main subjects of discussion among the Independents was a controversy conducted chiefly by a clever preacher, Mr. Brewin Grant, against the bigotry and tyranny and ecclesiastical Popery practised by Dissenting deacons; and while he inveighed against the narrowness of Dissent, and the dependency of Independency, other speakers were for the introduction of liturgies, forms of worship and prayer, because the rising mind of the English people in those classes from which Dissent has always had its recruits, the young tradesman and young shopman, was led away by the attractions of the Church revival. In a word, the Dissenting complaint is that the Church is getting all its own way. This perhaps is rather panic than a true account of the matter. The Church revival is only a part of a great lift of the European mind. The Church of England had the wit or the luck to take the current at its turn, and is profiting by it. But such events as these Congresses are results rather than causes.

GRAZIERS AND BUTCHERS.

OUR prospects of meat supply for the winter have been damaged, so far as they depend on home sources, by the protracted rains of August, and especially of September, which have seriously reduced the root crops for winter provender. We have learned, however, from experience to look abroad, and to fill our larders from the shiploads which the Dutch, Belgian, Baltic, and French ports are ready to discharge upon our coasts. It will be remembered how in 1866, when the rinderpest was at its height, and, owing to the then absence of efficient regulations, the panic which it inspired was greatest, the price of meat was by importation reduced as low or lower than it had been in 1865, save for the primer qualities of mutton. There seem to be some reasons for now reopening the question which, owing to the extortionate prices of butchers in London, reached a paramount interest last year.

In taking stock, however, of home resources, or indeed of the resources of any grazing country, there is a point of economy to which we wish to direct attention. The common practice of butchers, and probably graziers, is to charge high for lamb, and proportionably low for mutton. Lamb, being esteemed a luxury, is charged according to the price which people are willing to pay, rather than in proportion to the cost of keep and outlay on the animal. A lamb which has been let grow six months has perhaps cost 6d. per week, or 13s. has gone into his carcass during the half year. He will then weigh, say, six stone (butchers'), and sell for 6s. the stone; that is to say, the outlay of 13s. has produced a return of 36s., or a profit of 23s., being 177 per cent. Let him go, on the other hand, for three months more, and his keep will have risen from 6d. to 9d. or 10d. per week. He will have cost in all about 24s., will weigh nine stone, and sell for 54s., or 125 per cent. profit. Under these conditions it will be seen that the profit has fallen 50 per cent. by grazing the animal three months longer. In the same way, calculating his keep after nine months at 1s. per week, if that expense be let run on for nine months more, the animal slaughtered at eighteen months will have cost a little over 62s., and may be estimated to weigh 112 lbs., and to fetch 84s., yielding a profit of 21s., or hardly more than 30 per cent. These figures seem to show that, viewed as a matter of avoidupois and hard cash, the creature has been simply "eating his head off" ever since he was six months old. The same reasoning will hold good as regards veal as compared with beef, the rather as beef is not considered mature till three years old. Veal, however, seldom differs from beef in price so much as lamb differs from mutton. The prices at which we have set the stone of lamb or mutton are indeed "topping" prices, but they are equally so all along, and therefore that consideration does not affect the result arrived at on the whole. The proportion of profit will be manifestly the same.

As a set-off against the apparent advantage of consuming lamb instead of mutton, there should be taken into account the value of the fleece in shearing. Putting this, however, as high as it can reasonably be put, it can go but a little way to balance the exceedingly rapid rate at which the expenses of grazing tend to diminish the grazier's profits on the adult animal. Some would perhaps contend that there is a greater incidental value in the manure of the adult animal than in the case of the lambs which under the system of slaughtering would represent him. The experiment has probably not received sufficient attention, or been tried on a scale sufficiently extensive, for any opinion to be confidently pronounced upon the question. Assuming, however, that from the value of the fleece, and from any supposed advantage in manuring, the profits on the sheep of eighteen months were doubled, or that sixty per cent. profit were realized upon the whole results, yet even this, which we think must be allowed to be a tolerably liberal margin, falls far below the 177 per cent. at six months, or the 125 per cent. at nine months, which we have shown may be expected on an exclusive system of lamb-grazing.

The conclusion at which we arrive, then, is that a pound of lamb can be produced for very much less cost than a pound of mutton, and that the continued grazing by which a lamb of 48 lbs. is transformed into a sheep of more than double that weight would be far more economically applied in producing another lamb, or rather a lamb and a half, in the same time. The grazier's problem is simply to produce the maximum of meat from the minimum of food, and he finds his account in bringing to market the greatest weight of edible flesh for the expenditure which he is obliged to make in grazing. If there is any truth in the figures which we have adduced, our sheepmasters go out of the way to diminish their own profits. Instead of "following nature the best guide," as a wise ancient habit, they adopt an artificial standard and neglect a truly economic system; and the result is the same as if so much herbage, root crops, &c., as represents the difference between the profits on a sheep and the profits on two and a half lambs were burnt, or thrown into the sea. It further follows that we habitually pay the butcher for lamb and mutton in something like the inverse ratio of the cost of their production. It is old meat which should be dear and young meat which should be cheap, if the value expended upon the animal ruled the market price demanded. It may of course be answered that, by taking one with another, the total result of the transactions upon a whole flock balances any such seeming disproportion in detail. And if the question were merely as to the relative adjustment of prices, the existing system remaining as it is, this might be a sufficient answer. But it is further obvious that the consideration of the comparative scarcity of lamb in the market enters into the question of the fancy price which is put upon, and paid for, it. That which might be plentiful and cheap is made artificially scarce, and consequently dear; and the artificial price thus kept up for lamb is therefore worth dwelling upon as a specimen result of the whole artificial system. As regards the figures themselves we feel some confidence in their accuracy, as they are based on the experience of some of the largest Wiltshire sheep-masters. And although they might probably require some correction for other districts, yet we cannot think that any such allowance on this score would be required as seriously to invalidate the conclusion to which they point.

That conclusion, if practically carried out, would involve a very wide change in the inbred predilections of Englishmen, bent on glorifying beef and mutton, and on viewing veal and lamb somewhat as timber-dealers regard the loppings and switchings of trees. But if we will not put our tastes to school—that is, to the school of economy—we should at least learn to estimate what they cost us. The resources of the country in finding food for its inhabitants have long since been found wanting. We have long given up even the thought of growing our own consumption of cereals, and have now become accustomed to view our supply of butcher's meat—at any rate that for the metropolis—as virtually independent of the herbage of our own fields. But the maintenance of this independence depends on a commercial superiority of which the gradual development of nations threatens one day to deprive us. The question of economy in all sources of supply will then be forced upon us, and in no department probably with such rigour as in that which relates to the supply of human food. It is well, then, to consider that our glorifying of beef and mutton, like other glory, comes expensive. We may extol the superior firmness and succulence of the adult meat over the half-grown, and in our insular contempt for the first principles of cookery, may disdain the attempt to make the latter what it ought to be, either in relishing or in nutritious qualities; but there remains the "little bill" which this grandeur will have to pay.

With the breeding questions which are obviously involved in this subject we have neither space nor inclination to meddle in detail. Taking the case of sheep-farms only, and leaving out that of horned stock, the problem is briefly this—can lambs be produced so as to enable a quantity of that meat which will fairly represent the quantity of mutton brought to market at present, to be ready all the year round? Giving a range of age from six to nine months, and taking into account the variations of climate and season between the Lothians, for instance, and Dorsetshire, according to which the lambs are dropped late or early respectively, we are inclined to believe that the affirmative might be maintained. Supposing the season of lamb-dropping to range at present, or to be capable of being made to range throughout the scale of

localities, from December to April, then the latest or April-dropped lambs would not be nine months old before the December lambing season came round again. In this way we might reckon on a succession of young animals fit for the table, according to the economic standard of fitness, almost throughout the year. Of course other modes and rules as regards breeding, housing, and nurturing might be required than those which prevail at present. The instinctive tendency of existing breeders would doubtless be to declare any such changes impossible; but those who believe in the adaptability of nature to the wants of man will not easily accept the assertion as conclusive. If our facts are false and our reasonings delusive, nothing can so completely expose them as experience. We should like to see the experiment fairly tried. There is surely a sufficient show of probability about them to redeem such an experiment from the charge of wantonness. If in Paris an association has been formed to develop the powers of horseflesh in rivaling beef, it is surely not too much to expect that a simple trial be given, with or without any such parade of organization for the purpose, to the important and interesting question of "old meat or young?"

CREDAT JUDÆUS.

ON Tuesday, the 8th of last May, the "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews"—an association, we believe, founded and supported by the Dissenters—celebrated its twenty-third anniversary meeting. "There was a large gathering of the Society's friends, and a hallowed influence pervaded the meeting." After a hymn had been sung and prayer offered, the Chairman opened the proceedings by an appropriate address. The financial position of the Society was gone into, and shown to be eminently satisfactory. The income for the year 1865-6 was declared to be 7,619*l.* 19*s.* 0*d.*, being an advance on last year of 445*l.* 6*s.* The expenditure was 7,346*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*, an increase of 715*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.* over last year, "the increase being mainly caused by the engagement of new missionaries and the removal of some of the old ones." We do not venture to affirm that such a healthy pecuniary condition was the cause of the genial cheerfulness which pervaded the speeches and resolutions which followed; but, judging from the Report, nothing could have been more edifying and encouraging. Orator after orator declared the delight, pleasure, and privilege he experienced in being there and making a speech. They were thankful, grateful, hopeful, and prayerful by turns, or all together. The Society had done immense good, and it was certain (D.V.) to do more. Of this there could be no manner of doubt, seeing, as one of the speakers asserted, that "it was clear that God was working by means of this Society"; and another declared that in asking God to convert the Jews "he was asking God to do that which he knew to be dear to Him, and which sooner or later He will grant." A society so assured of the Divine favour cannot be treated with levity, or even ignored, without a certain peril. And we can truly affirm that everything connected with this body—its money, its machinery, its missionaries, and its own magazine, the *Jewish Herald*—may afford matter of the most curious interest to any one who will take the trouble to look into them.

To begin with a few more figures. The Society commands the services of twenty-six or twenty-seven missionaries, at a cost of 5,395*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* per annum, which gives a little over 200*l.* a year to each missionary. It has two secretaries, which cost it, together with the clerks and messengers, 756*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* Rent and taxes stand at 154*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* Travelling expenses, &c., are estimated at 539*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.*, and printing at 329*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* Postage eats up 79*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* But Bibles and New Testaments actually cost no more than 8*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.*, being six hundred times less than the cost of the missionaries, and eighty-four times less than the remuneration paid to the secretaries and their assistants. The missionaries are scattered over Europe, doubtless in accordance with some deep and wise scheme, to accomplish the ultimate object of their labours. But to the uninitiated their disposition appears capricious, if not ridiculous. London has six missionaries, and Paris has one; but Adrianople has three, or we may even reckon four, as one of the reverend gentlemen is married. On the other hand, neither Amsterdam, nor Frankfort, nor Prague, all cities abounding with Jews, have any at all; and the whole of Poland seems also to have escaped the Society's attention; while Oran, Algiers, Nancy, and Tultcha have the Gospel preached to them by paid residents. The next point—which is also no doubt susceptible of easy explanation, but which we confess is slightly obscure to us—is the enormous disproportion, both in fulness and fervour, between the home and foreign Reports of the Society's activity. The latter are free, frank, gushing, full of unction, now and then full of facts of a kind. The former are scanty, cold, timid, and reserved. It really would seem that the further a missionary gets from London the more he has to write about and to do. Although there are nine of them in England alone, nothing can exceed the meagreness of the information they contribute, even when they contribute any, which is by no means always. In the course of six months they only appear three times altogether in the pages of the *Jewish Herald*, and then in the most attenuated form, nearly or always suppressing names and places, for which ghostly initials and dashes are substituted. All this while, the despatches from Cannstadt are ample and frequent; Lughorn is well represented; Nuremberg and Oran are done justice to; and the highly-favoured Adrianople, with its galaxy of

four missionaries, is placed before us with downright prolixity. First the Rev. L. Rosenberg writes, then Mr. Neumann follows suit, and Dr. Zuckerkandl supplements any deficiencies which his colleagues may have overlooked. Far be it from us to grudge Adrianople her Zuckerkandl and Rosenberg and Neumann, but we really do think that somebody ought to tell us what is doing in Houndsditch or the Minorities. The same scantiness of intelligence is observable in the little that is transmitted from Paris; and, in fact, it is not till a missionary gets well on into Germany that any fluency and activity are vouchsafed to his pen.

We by no means wish to be understood as implying that numerous and sustained conversions are claimed anywhere, even in Tultcha or Oran or Adrianople itself. The Society evidently places its reliance on faith, and not upon works, and would shudder with horror if it were to be judged by the latter. Conversions doubtless—as they are the object, the *raison d'être*, of the Society—would be welcome and acceptable. But the absence of such material and carnal corroborations of its faith does not for a moment distress it. It is clear that on this head the patrons of the Society at home are more eligibly placed than its agents abroad. These latter are naturally expected to give an account of themselves, and to write letters stating what they have done and attempted. As they must write, it is clear they must put something into their letters, and it is equally clear that they are not seldom at a loss to know what. We are entirely of opinion that these gentlemen work hard for their salaries, though not perhaps in the way their patrons originally contemplated. The task of finding "cheerful signs" and "pleasing incidents," of which their letters are full, must be trying work when long continued. When a Jew boy asks for a tract in some German town, the day is evidently marked with white. And there is always an undertone of thankfulness about them when they have not been kicked out of doors for their intrusions. And truly they are not always so far from deserving it. We wonder what the Rothschilds and Goldsmids and Montefiores would do were an Italian agent of some society at Rome or Florence to come and insist upon their conversion, whether they would or not. Here is a specimen:—

At present Vicenza is a military station, and men of business are much occupied. However, I visited four of the five Jewish families, and though they were much engaged in business I succeeded in drawing some of them aside for quiet conversations. They were all reluctant to spend time on religious conversation, and after a short intercourse with them they asked me to come back to Vicenza another time, when they should be less engaged. I gave to each of them an Epistle to the Hebrews, and to one lady my own Hebrew Bible, and all received them with apparent gratitude.

We think we divine the reason of this gratitude with which we are constantly told tracts and Testaments are received. The shrewd Hebrews after a while get to perceive that the taking of a tract is the readiest way of relieving themselves of the insufferable bore who insists upon worrying them. All through these Reports it is clear that the acceptance of a tract is looked upon as half a conversion, and the wily descendants of Abraham are only too happy to forestall the missionary's delight and their own release at one stroke and by the same act. Grateful! we should think they were. The following will also give a notion of the famine prices at which incidents or facts of any kind are quoted in these Reports:—

As far as I could learn there was only one Jewish soldier among the wounded, and as access to the hospital is difficult under military rule, I have put myself in communication with the clergyman who has charge of that particular hospital, and asked him to take an interest in that Jewish soldier, whom no one else is likely to care for as regards his soul, mentioning my willingness, if permission was granted, to come myself and see him. An answer to this application has not come to hand.

What a picture! The poor missionary prowling round about the hospital, panting to be near his "one Jewish soldier," who most likely would have wished him at Jericho had the missionary succeeded in getting in, has something dreadfully comic about him, especially when we remember that it costs a number of good-hearted people in England upwards of two hundred a year to keep him at such interesting work. The same missionary "fell in with an intelligent Jewish gentleman who had studied the philosophy of Kant to some purpose." The compatriot of Heine and Mendelssohn took a lively interest in the theatre, for which the agent for the British Society very properly took him to task, to his no small astonishment, and perhaps, if the truth were known, amusement. However, it ended as usual, and "he accepted, it seemed with pleasure, a series of tracts from our hands"—to study them, possibly, as strange specimens of "*religiosität*" as manifested in England. "Christ was set forth to him, and His word, as the true source of light, enjoyment, and delight. He listened with attention." We can well believe it. If our missionary was the first specimen of the tribe he ever came across, he might well listen and wonder also.

Occasionally, however, even such exciting themes as these fail, and leave the poor missionaries hopelessly vacuous of a single fact to put in their letters. In such cases they have recourse to a very simple but very efficient expedient. They describe the countries in which they are domiciled; that is to say, chiefly Germany and Italy, about which, of course, little is known in England. We need not say that this is generally done in that peculiar dialect the use of which certain classes in this country consider to be only a pious and proper mode of expressing reverence for the Old Testament. And when they are tired of canting in archaic English, they go on canting in English of the present day, or in as much of it as they know. "The country in these parts (i.e. round Rovigo) is one of great fertility and beauty; the whole tract of land which is passed through by the railway presents a

succession of panoramas of the works of the Creator—of nature's beauty." The late war, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, was a perfect Godsend to them. "Judgment is abroad on the world"; "the Lord's anger is kindled," &c., in the well-known style. One poor fellow, indeed, gets terribly frightened, which state of mind he renders all the more comic by his vehement protestations that he is not frightened at all. One result of the war could hardly have been expected—namely, that Venetia stands a very good chance of becoming a Christian country:—

I am thankful to God for the little He has enabled me to do, and to have been privileged to be one of the first Gospel messengers to bring to the Jews, and at the same time to the Gentiles not a few, the message of Christ's free salvation, where, until late, the Gospel could not be preached and no Christian books be distributed.

It is consolatory to think that the countrymen of Tintoret, Titian, and Dandolo may one day become Christians, and it is almost a matter for national pride that this great achievement will be the work of a society established in London.

The question naturally presents itself, by whom, and especially for whom, can this mawkish twaddle be written? And why is cant concocted at Adrianople or Oran pleasanter than the same article as made in London? Why send a man abroad to do canting at the rate of 200*l.* a year, when it could be done at home for so much less? Is cant, like Madeira, the better for a sea voyage? The following passage, however, is in quite another tone:—

This Gentile world, as it is devoid of peace, has also raised up for itself two idols—Baalim, if you like—around which they are unceasingly engaged in revelling. . . . to which they sacrifice day and night, and from which they expect great things—yes, everything. These two idols are civilization and intellectual progress.

We think it is well for us, as one of the speakers said at the annual meeting, "that many members of this Society pray, that the Committee pray, that our agents pray, that many of our ministers pray, that Christ would show mercy unto the Jews. No doubt prayer abounds for Jews, for Gentiles, for every Christian institution." It was almost cruel to add, as the speaker immediately did, "Yet the results do not correspond." What, then, is to become of us if the "prayers of the Committee and the agents" are not answered in our behalf? Are we to be left unceasingly engaged in revelling around our two idols, civilization and intellectual progress? The thought is too dreadful.

There is a good deal of exaggerated language often used with regard to religious societies, and this in the way both of praise and blame. For the most part, in the strictest sense of the words, they are not worthy of either. Their number, and their plump well-favoured condition, merely prove this—that in a rich country like England there are a great many people who, after parting with money which they are sure never to miss to religious institutions, feel a great deal more comfortable than they did before. Let us be fair. This does not make us the salt of the earth, as some are inclined to assume. Neither, on the other hand, is it at all absurd or reprehensible. But all airs and assumptions founded on such a disposition to spend money on religious societies rather than on anything else ought to be put down at once. The millionaire who sends his cheque for 500*l.* to a religious society thoroughly gets his *quid pro quo*. We neither admire, pity, nor blame him. He has got a very good return for his money. If he is a good man, he finds an ample return in his own conscience. If he is not a good man, he had his reasons for what he did. It is no trifling comfort to feel that you are compounding for sins you are inclined to by helping to propagate virtues for which personally you have no taste whatever. It is not unpleasant to reflect that, albeit you are hard, selfish, and sensual at home, still you are partly supporting a messenger of love and self-sacrifice on the other side of the world. To feel, after all, that you are not as other men are, that you do give tithes of all you possess, whereas they do not, has still its charms—a fact very often forgotten by the contrite publicans and humble sinners who are ever ready to think themselves worse, and therefore very often are so much better, than their neighbours.

IS VICTOR EMMANUEL EXCOMMUNICATED?

TO any one who has really studied the history of the constitution and jurisprudence of the Papal system, nothing is more amusing than the ignorance on these subjects which is constantly displayed by those who pride themselves on being the most devoted disciples of that system. We do not now speak of the bold historical statements in which Roman Catholic Archbishops occasionally indulge when they gravely tell us that Constantine built Constantinople that he might make the Pope sole sovereign of Rome, and that for a thousand years there has been no sovereignty in the latter city except that of its Bishop. The first assertion had once, we suppose, something like authority in the grotesque forgery of "the Donation of Constantine;" and the historical genius that could believe this might easily be induced to ignore all the awkward facts which mar the beautiful simplicity of a millennial theory of uninterrupted Papal rule. But those who profess to be the most deeply instructed in the divine things of the Papal law are constantly falling into blunders on points of discipline and canon law of which even the most ignorant of the unbelievers ought to be ashamed. Indeed, the best and simplest refutation of the most violent of the tirades that manifest the zeal rather than the knowledge of the devotees of

the Papal power would be to print, beside some of their most sensational paragraphs, extracts from the recognised and standard authorities of their Church.

A writer in an ultra-pious Roman Catholic periodical of this month writes with mingled horror and contempt of the ignorance and blasphemy of one of the Church Union essayists, who spoke of priests actually administering the ordinances of religion to the King of Italy. The statement, it is said, is simply incredible because the occurrence is impossible. No priest would dare to admit to any ordinance of the Church an "excommunicated" king. The argument, and perhaps even the indignation, would be excellent if Victor Emmanuel were really "excommunicated" in the old and proper sense of the term. There is, although we do not like to use the term, something like a juggle about this same excommunication. But the fact is that the King of Italy has never been excommunicated in any sense which need prevent any priest from treating him as a perfectly pious son of the Church. A very brief but decisive reference to the highest authorities of Papal law will be sufficient to prove this.

By the settled law of the Romish Church, an excommunication, to separate any one from the actual communion of that Church, must be directed against him specially and by name. No general excommunication of offenders can affect any one in this way unless the sentence goes on to specify the individual. The Pope may hurl his sentence of general excommunication at all who have spoiled him of his territory. But this no more justifies any Church authority in treating any individual as within that sentence, than a sheriff would be warranted in hanging any one because a criminal court had pronounced sentence of death upon all the perpetrators of a certain murder. To give validity to either sentence there must be the personal conviction of the particular offender. This maxim of common sense has been embodied in distinct legislation in the Papal code. The law which enacts it is as old as the commencement of the fifteenth century. A celebrated bull of Pope Martin V. expressly declared that no notice is to be taken of a mere general sentence of excommunication. For the satisfaction of tender consciences we quote this bull:—

Ad evitanda scandala et multa pericula quæ conscientis timoratis contingere possint: Christi fidelibus misericorditer indulgemus quod nemo deinceps a communione alicujus sacramentorum administratione aut receptione, aut aliis quibuscunque divinis rebus, intus et extra pretextu cujuscumque sententie aut censure ecclesiasticæ, a jure vel ab homine generaliter promulgatæ, teneatur abstinere, vel aliquem vitare aut interdictum ecclesiasticum observare, nisi sententia aut censura hujusmodi fuerit data contra personam, collegium, ecclesiam, communitatem, vel locum certum, aut certam, a iudice denunciata specialiter et expresse, constitutionibus apostolicis et aliis contrarium facientibus non obstantibus.

Nothing can be clearer and more distinct than this. No one is bound to abstain from communion with any person, to refuse him the administration of the sacraments, or to withhold from him any sacred thing under pretext of any general sentence or censure, unless some judge has pronounced sentence against that person specially and expressly. Every one who knows anything of the Papal law, or of what is termed moral theology, knows the distinction that has been founded on this bull between excommunicated persons "tolerated" and those who are "denounced." A whole chapter in one of the most learned dictionaries of theology is occupied with a discussion "de la différence qui existe entre les excommuniés tolérés et ceux qui sont dénoncés." The "tolerated" persons are those who have done acts which are pronounced to carry with them the penalty of excommunication; the "denounced" are those who are personally and by name excommunicated—the only persons against whom that penalty is enforced.

It may not be very easy to reconcile with any principle the pronouncing of an excommunication to which no Christian is bound to pay attention. Nevertheless the decree of Martin is the unquestionable law of the Church. The absurdity lies not in that most rational decree, but in the system of general, or *ipso facto*, excommunications, which do not designate and name the persons who are their objects. Be this as it may, Pope Pius has not "denounced" Victor Emmanuel; he has studiously avoided, in his brief of excommunication, mentioning his name. In that brief he in reality did nothing more than republish the decrees of the Council of Trent which fasten on all who take away Church territory the penalty of *ipso facto* excommunication. The brief was framed with the very object of leaving the King of Italy, and all who were aimed at, within the protection of the law of Martin V.—still capable of being admitted to sacred rites, of being received in Christian communion, and, it may be added, of ruling over Christian men.

If men were to notice *ipso facto* or general excommunications, there are perhaps few persons in any Church who could stand their ground. One canon of the Church of England subjects to the penalty of *ipso facto* excommunication any person who affirms that the Thirty-nine Articles are not such as he may safely subscribe. Another imposes the same penalty on any one who dares to say that either clergy or laity may make ecclesiastical rules, or submit to be governed by them, without the assent of the sovereign. Any one in England who has ever uttered either of these heretical opinions is just as much the subject of excommunication from the English Church as Victor Emmanuel is from that of Rome. The truth is, these general or *ipso facto* excommunications are mere nullities. A London club might as well have a rule that any member who violated its regulations should be *ipso facto* expelled; or even a community might pass a law that any one of its subjects who committed a particular crime should be *ipso facto* sentenced to be hanged. Excommunication is the expulsion of

an offender from a certain society—that of the Christian Church. This cannot possibly be done by denunciation of crimes without identifying and convicting the criminal. In the very censure in question, one directed generally against all who took part in the spoliation of the Papal territories, how many thousand instances might arise which would puzzle the most astute casuist to determine whether they fell within its terms or not!

All this may be, and most probably is, new to the very orthodox and learned writers whose statements have given occasion to our comment. All we can tell them is that such is the law of their Church. If the supreme Pontiff has censured the acts in which Victor Emmanuel took part, he has designedly done so in a form which did not carry with it the penalty of practical separation from the Church. It is not for us to vindicate the policy of issuing these general excommunications in cases in which their very issue carries with it the confession that the Pope shrinks from the only step which could give his thunder the slightest practical effect. The performance of the drama of Excommunication with the part of the Excommunicated omitted by particular desire is a course which at first sight appears to add but little to the dignity of the Papal power. To profane eyes it might almost seem like the adoption by that power of a policy irreverently expressed as "showing its teeth when it dare not bite." But great allowance must be made for a man who is burdened with the incumbency of infallible traditions, and with the presence in his own person of an infallible authority, and whose greatest puzzle must be to reconcile either of these things with the exigencies of actual life. It is quite plain that any man who seizes on Papal territory ought to be excommunicated—just as plain as it is that, by all the "sacred canons" and "decrees of the fathers," Louis Napoleon lies *ipso facto* under the same sentence for not restoring Avignon to the Holy See. But really and truly to excommunicate Victor Emmanuel—to declare that no priest or bishop should admit him inside the walls of a church, and that no good Catholic should hold intercourse with him—would have been, even for the Papal power, a perilous undertaking. One of the real good old excommunications of Gregory or Innocent would have raised issues which in this unbelieving age no Pope in his senses would care to provoke. The decree of Pope Martin, and the device of the "nameless" excommunication, presented a happy compromise by which infallible traditions could be maintained, and the honour of the Church vindicated, without bringing her power too rudely into contact with the prejudices of an evil generation. All who took part in the seizure of Romagna are excommunicated, but, by the kind consideration of Pope Martin "for frightened consciences," no Christian on earth is supposed to know that they are so. The general form indeed is that by which in modern times the Vatican visits the offences of sovereigns. The old form of personal excommunication is possibly reserved for remote districts—for bores who will marry their first cousins, or peasants who will not pay their dues. It certainly has not been used against the King of Italy, and true respect for the "Holy Father" ought to suggest to his most devout followers that, whatever may be the motive of the Pope, he has designedly abstained from putting in force against Victor Emmanuel the only process which can either oblige or entitle any of "the faithful" to treat His Majesty as an excommunicated man.

REVIEWS.

WARBURTON'S MINOR WORKS.*

SOME time ago we gave a short sketch of Warburton's great book. He is perhaps almost equally well known by his minor works, and they are in many respects deserving of notice. The most important are the *Alliance between Church and State*, the tract on *Julian*, and the *Doctrine of Grace*. Of these, the *Alliance between Church and State*, which "demonstrates" the necessity and equity of an established religion and a test law, is by far the most important. It is the most popular and famous treatise of the eighteenth century upon the celebrated subject which it handles; and indeed Lord Macaulay, in his review of Mr. Gladstone's book on the subject, says that up to a certain point he agrees with Warburton, though there is a considerable divergency between them, especially on the subject of a test law. We cannot agree with Lord Macaulay's view. It seems to us that Warburton is indefinitely inferior, in his whole conception and treatment of the subject, to the great writers whom he wished to correct. The Presbyterians and Roman Catholics were more thorough-going, and Hooker and Hobbes were far more statesmanlike and philosophical. Warburton appears to us to have spun a sort of sham metaphysical theory out of the facts which he had before him in England, and then to have used the theory to justify the facts. He generalizes the Church of England as it was in the first third of the eighteenth century, and then declares that pure science shows that it was the very best of all possible churches. The theory, however, was once so famous that it would be well worth examining even if its author had been a less considerable

man, and if his method had been less characteristic of a mode of thought which had considerable popularity during the early part of the last century—the plan, namely, of arguing upon certain abstract ideas the truth of which was supposed to be self-evident, and which were used with as much confidence as the elementary definitions and axioms of geometry. Samuel Clarke's demonstration of the existence and attributes of God is perhaps the best specimen of this method, and its influence is to be traced, amongst other writers, in Butler. Warburton's works are full of it. Such expressions as "fit," "fitness of things" (which occur in some of Lord Mansfield's judgments), "nature," and the like, are characteristic of it; and no doubt its popularity was due principally to the enormous success which had rewarded its employment in its proper sphere by Newton. In dealing with certain objections to his theory at the end of his book, Warburton notices, amongst others, the objection that it does not agree with fact, upon which he observes:—

A right theory of nature is to be obtained only by pursuing fact, for God is the author of that system; but in a theory of politics, which is an artificial system, to follow fact is no certain way to truth, because man is the author of that system. Abstract ideas and their general relations are the guides that lead us into truth, and fact hath with good reason but a subsidiary use. As therefore the method to be pursued is different, so should the judgment be which is passed upon it; the goodness of the theory being estimated, not according to its agreement with fact, but right reason. In the former case the theory should be regulated by the fact; in the latter, the fact by the theory.

Such being his view of the method proper for such inquiries, he sets out to investigate the relations between Church and State by deducing from right reason and abstract ideas the legitimate functions of each—a process which comes, in fact, to stating in general terms the truth of that which he is afterwards going to state in specific terms. He begins, like Hobbes, with describing the state of nature, which he says would have been very much what Hobbes represented it to be, "was it not for the restraining principle of religion," which, however, "could not operate with sufficient efficacy . . . for want of a common arbiter." The result of this was "endless jar," which comes to much the same as Hobbes's state of war. Society was invented as a remedy for this, but was found to be inefficient for a variety of reasons. It could only punish, and that for open transgressions. It could not enforce duties of imperfect obligation, though it increased the number of such duties, and also increased the wants which are the springs of human action. The reason why society could not reward was that, "in entering into society, it was stipulated between the magistrate and people that protection and obedience should be reciprocal conditions. When, therefore, a citizen obeys the laws, that debt on society is discharged by life protection it affords him." No reward is due for obedience, and nothing beyond obedience can be given. On the other hand, it was necessary that disobedience should be followed, not merely by loss of protection, but by punishment, for otherwise society could not subsist. Hence "it was stipulated that the transgressor should be subject to pecuniary mulcts, corporal castigations, mutilation of members, and capital inflictions." Warburton is so precise about the terms of the social contract that one would think it must have been drawn up in the attorney's office at Newark in which he served his articles. Society not only did not, but could not, reward, because it could not judge of men's motives, or "ever find a fund sufficient for that purpose." Hence religion had to be called in.

Having begun with this curiously meagre and arbitrary account of the origin of civil society, Warburton goes on to consider its nature. "To suppose its end the vague purpose of acquiring all possible accidental good is, in politics, a mere solecism." It must then "be allowed to have been invented for the attainment of some certain end or ends exclusive of others." This end is "security to the temporal liberty and property of man." Civil society alone could produce this. "The salvation of souls or the security of man's future happiness" belongs to religion, and civil society has nothing to do with it. The means to this end are "doctrine and morals, which compose what is called religion in the largest sense of the word." Hence "they were the bodies, not the souls, of men of which the magistrate undertook the care. Whatever, therefore, refers to the body is in his jurisdiction; whatever to the soul is not." Still the civil magistrate could not protect even the body without power; power could be given only by consent, which could be permanently secured only by an oath; and an oath implied a belief in "the three fundamental principles of natural religion—namely, the being of a God, his providence over human affairs, and the natural essential difference of good and evil." These three principles, therefore, the civil magistrate was carefully to protect, as they gave to all civil laws a general religious sanction.

The nature and end of religion next come to be considered. Its end is "to procure the favour of God," and "to advance and improve our own intellectual nature." External worship is essential to this, and external worship implies a creed and profession of it as a term of communion. The object of a religious society is to put these things into order. Hence the religious and the civil society have distinct aims and spheres, each being sovereign in its own. Their sovereignty is proved thus. If not sovereign, they would be dependent, and this dependency must be either by the law of nature or else by the law of nations. Now there is no dependency by the law of nature, because that dependency "is from essence or generation"; whereas here there is an essential difference between the two, and therefore no essential dependency. There is no dependency by the law of nations, for

* 1. *The Alliance between Church and State; or, the Necessity and Equity of an Established Religion and a Test Law demonstrated.*

2. *Julian; or, a Discourse concerning the Earthquake and Fiery Eruption which defeated the Emperor's attempt to Rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem.*

3. *The Doctrine of Grace; or, the Office and Operations of the Holy Spirit vindicated from the Insults of Infidelity and the Abuses of Fanaticism.*

dependency by the law of nations is where, "one and the same people composing two different societies, the *imperium* of the one clashes with the *imperium* of the other." In that case the less society becomes dependent on the greater, because this is the only way to avoid that great absurdity in politics called *imperium in imperio*. But the civil and religious societies have different ends and means; therefore they cannot meet and cannot clash. The religious society thus constituted "hath not in and of itself any coercive power of the civil kind," though it can excommunicate, which the State cannot, because it has nothing to do with the sphere of religious society.

Having thus got his two independent societies, Warburton proceeds to ally them. As civil society can provide only for the body, and religious society only for the soul, the two together can provide for both. Hence the necessity of an alliance. But as each society is sovereign and independent, the alliance must be "by free convention and mutual compact." Therefore it was so made. The motives of the magistrate were to preserve the essence and purity of religion, to improve its influence, and to prevent the mischief which it might do if left alone. Religion without the help of the magistrate would get on, Warburton thinks, very ill, for it will run into superstition and fanaticism which will be revered by the people as sanctity; "but now the civil magistrate being become protector of the Church, and consequently supreme head and director of it, the ministry is much in his power; that mutual dependency between the clergy and people so pernicious to the State being, by means of a settled revenue, broken and destroyed." The motive of the Church for the alliance was "security from all exterior violence," and this was the only motive. Two others, says Warburton, in a passage which reads like a satire, might be imagined—namely, "to engage the State to propagate the established religion by force," and "to bestow honours, riches, and power upon it." Yet the first of these motives would be unjust, and the second impertinent. "It is impertinent in a church to aim at riches, honours, powers; because these are things which, as a religious society, she can neither use nor profit by." The motives of the clergy might in fact be more or less of this kind, "but the Church as a religious society consists of the whole body of the community, both laity and clergy, and her motive, we say, could not be riches, honours, and power, because they have no natural tendency to promote the ultimate end of this society, salvation of souls, or the immediate end, purity of worship. We conclude, therefore, that the only legitimate motive she could have was security and protection from outward violence."

We come at last to the terms of the alliance:—

1. The Church engaged to help the State to the utmost.
 2. The Church gave up its independency to the State, being the weaker of the two.
- In consideration of which the Church receives:—
1. A public endowment for its ministers.
 2. A place for her superior members in the Court of Legislature.
- As the State is to make laws for the Church, the Church as such should be represented.

3. Ecclesiastical Courts, with coercive authority for the reformation of manners. It is worth notice, by the way, that, in a long investigation of this matter, Warburton takes occasion to pronounce a strong opinion in favour of divorce; "though the voice of nature and the oracles of God concurred to pronounce in some cases, as in adultery, a divorce," &c.

The State receives supremacy in matters ecclesiastical, which consists of three branches:—

1. No ecclesiastic of the Established Church can exercise his function without the magistrate's approbation and allowance.
2. No convocation, synod, or church assembly hath a right to sit without the express permission of the magistrate; nor, when they do sit by virtue of that permission, to proceed in a judiciary or legislative manner without a special licence for that purpose; nor to impose their acts as authoritative till they have received his confirmation.
3. No member of the Established Church can be excommunicated or expelled the society without the consent and allowance of the magistrate.

After this we are not much surprised to learn that

In England alone the original terms of this convention are kept up so exactly that this account of the alliance between Church and State seems rather a copy of the Church and State of England than a theory, as indeed it was, formed solely on the contemplation of nature and the invariable reason of things, and had no further regard to our particular Establishment than as some part of it tended to illustrate these abstract reasonings.

As for the test law, that is necessary to secure the Church chosen for establishment, as to which, says Warburton, "if there be more than one at the time of the convention, the State allies itself with the largest." Otherwise the Dissenters would pull it to pieces. The test law is equitable, because no man has a right to office. If he had such a right, it would not be against the law of nature to abridge it; and even if it were against the law of nature, then the law of nature may be overruled for the public good.

Such is the gist of this celebrated book separated from a good deal of miscellaneous matter, part of which consists of a most characteristic controversy with Rousseau, which is full of wit and vigour, but, at least in one passage, so outrageously coarse that we venture to reprint it only in illustration of the inconceivable lengths to which a bishop could go in the eighteenth century:—

I would advise the reader that, as often as he has to do with our citizen of Geneva, he would observe the same caution which an old debauchee re-

commended to his physician, that whatever was the particular complaint he would always have an eye to—So, whatever be the subject of our philosopher's meditations, we should still have an eye to that infection of the mind caught among the Caffirs at the Cape of Good Hope, which has poisoned his constitution and given him a horror of civil government, and is always breaking out in numberless odd vagaries whenever he sits down to speculate.

As to the general argument of the book itself, with the author's wonderful machinery about the end of civil government and the end of religion, and dependency by the law of nature and dependency by the law of nations, and so forth, we need say very little. The whole method appears to us fundamentally wrong. The original compact, the law of nature and nations, the end of civil government, and the rest, are mere fictions, not without their use in certain respects, but altogether misleading when used as Warburton uses them. His theory is that A, B, C, and D, having formed themselves into a civil society for the prevention of violence, and having also formed themselves into a religious society for the purpose of worship, contracted with themselves in the capacity of State to give up to themselves in that capacity all the rights which they had conferred on themselves in the capacity of Church, in consideration that, in the capacity of State, they would protect themselves in the capacity of Church from that very violence from which it was the object of their associating themselves together in the capacity of State to protect themselves at all events. Certainly the appetite of the Church for protection from violence would appear to have been perfectly insatiable.

Julian is perhaps even a more singular performance than the Alliance. Its title is "*Julian: or, a Discourse concerning the Earthquake and Fiery Eruption which defeated the Emperor's attempt to Rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, in which the reality of a divine interposition is shown; the objections to it are answered, and the nature of that evidence which demands the assent of every reasonable man to a miraculous fact is considered and explained.*"

The essay is an attempt to establish the truth of the specific miracle in question, and to give, in connection with it, a general theory of miracles. The theory is shortly this:—Julian attempted to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem. His workmen were stopped in their task by fire from heaven, succeeded by a fiery eruption from the excavations, and an earthquake. At the same time there appeared in the air a cross in a circle, and the clothes of the bystanders were marked with crosses. The greater part of the tract, which fills two hundred quarto pages, is occupied by a minute examination of the evidence on the subject, of which, even if it were at all worth while, it would be difficult to give an account in a short compass. The principal witnesses are Ammianus Marcellinus; some ecclesiastical historians, as Socrates and Sozomenes, who lived long afterwards; Ambrose and Chrysostom, who mention the matter very briefly, and of whom Ambrose was living at a distance; and Gregory Nazianzen, who gives a full account of the matter, and was in the neighbourhood at the time. The singular part of the matter is not the discussion of their accounts, which is conducted at immense length and with that profusion of commentary of the most minute kind which is the curse of polemical argument, but the view which Warburton himself arrives at. The fire, he says, was lightning; and, with his usual love of omnifarious learning, he shows "how a fiery eruption must occasion a previous earthquake, and this earthquake a stormy sky; that air put into a violent motion always produces lightning when it abounds with matter susceptible of inflammation." As for the cross in the sky, "it was neither more nor less than one of those meteoric lights which are not unfrequently seen in solar or lunar halos." The crosses on the clothes were a natural effect of the lightning, as to which Warburton collects a variety of curious stories of similar phenomena in modern times, where there was no suggestion of a miracle. The eruption from the earth probably proceeded from inflammable matter in the earth where the workmen were digging. Gregory, it seems, made less of the eruption and more of the lightning than Ammianus. Where then, asks the reader in surprise, was the miracle? Not, says Warburton, where the Fathers thought it was. The halo, the crosses, and the lightning were all natural. The eruption was the true miracle, and the particular miraculous circumstance was that "the breath of the Lord kindled . . . the mineral and metallic substances" which "were the native contents of the place from whence the flames issued." The other circumstances came in as appropriate moral emblems by way of a sort of setting for the miracle; but the true genuine miracle itself was the setting of a supernatural match to the pre-existing sulphur, or whatever it was, just at the moment when a great moral effect would be produced. Warburton goes at great length into the whole subject and theory of miracles, about which he appears to have had as much private information as he possessed about the terms of the marriage-settlement between the Church and the State. There are three distinct kinds of miracles—those where the laws of nature are suspended or reversed; those in which a new direction is given to the laws of nature; and "yet a third, compounded of the other two, where the laws of nature are in part arrested and suspended, and in part differently directed." All these different kinds of miracles have to be criticized on different principles, and by the judicious application of them we are able to form a very probable conjecture as to the important question whether God created the inflammable elements for the purpose, or used "those which lay ready stored up" (having been created, we suppose, by some other than divine agency) "against the day of visitation." By reading such speculations, and comparing them with the author's not less grotesque account of the relations of

Church and State, we are able to form a notion of the sort of world in which the schoolmen lived. There is something almost sublime in the pedantry of a man who could gravely sit down and spin cobwebs of this sort out of his own brain, with the fullest conviction that he was engaged in a most important avocation, and that he really was arriving at results of lasting importance.

The book on the *Doctrine of Grace* is a different sort of book from either the *Alliance* or *Julian*. It is much less paradoxical, though it has some special paradoxes of its own if they were worth examining. Its object is to measure out to mankind just that amount of belief in the operations of divine grace on their own souls and the souls of others which they must recognise under pain of being infidels, and which they must on no account exceed on pain of being fanatics. In pursuance of this design, Warburton first attacks Conyers Middleton for having undervalued the miracle of the Day of Pentecost, from which he takes occasion to inquire into the nature of the inspiration of the Bible. He advances upon this subject a strange fast and loose theory which is characteristically intricate and gratuitous. The Bible, he says, is entirely true in important points, but is only partially inspired; which theory, as he observes, "answers all the ends of a Scripture universally and organically inspired, by producing an unerring rule of faith and manners, and besides obviates all those objections to inspiration which arise from the too high notion of it"—a great convenience, no doubt, yet not exactly a proof of its truth. After this he proceeds to examine the immediate operations of divine power in producing sensible or mental miracles. As to the sensible miracles, he contrives to find in the passage "Charity never faileth, but whether there be prophecies they shall fail," &c.—a proof that miracles were to cease with the first ages of the Church; and he then betakes himself to the really celebrated part of the book, his attack upon Wesley. It certainly is entitled to the praise of being in its way as trenchant and savage an attack upon the Methodists as it was possible to make. It is very like Sydney Smith's well-known article in the *Edinburgh Review* long afterwards. It is one of those performances which will provide a person predisposed to attack the Methodists with proper arms for the purpose, but there is nothing in it which is in the least degree calculated to operate on the minds of the persons who are attacked. It is inconceivable that any single person should ever have been converted to Warburton's or Sydney Smith's way of thinking by such performances.

We have given a sketch of Warburton's minor works because they set his peculiarities in a broader light than his great work. They afford little opportunity for that vigorous mode of handling great masses of knowledge which is the best feature in the *Divine Legation*. But they forcibly display his love of paradox, his strange intricacy of mind, and the passionate delight which he took in resting his case on some issue so refined and unexpected that probably not one reader in a hundred ever takes the trouble to understand his meaning properly.

STONEWALL JACKSON.*

THOUGH the length of time that has elapsed since Stonewall Jackson fell, shot down through a disastrous mistake by his own soldiers in the hour of his most signal victory, has deprived the story of his life of that keen and thrilling interest which it then possessed, his memory is still sufficiently fresh and sufficiently honoured to ensure attention to a biography written by one who knew him intimately, and who writes with the zest and vigour of an eyewitness as well as of a friend. On the whole, Professor Dabney has done his work well. He had ample materials, and has used them with tolerable judgment. He served on the staff of General Jackson; he was personally intimate with his chief, and knew his private views and feelings, which reserve withheld from most of those around him; and he is competent to describe clearly the scenes he witnessed, and the locality of the battles in which Jackson bore a principal part, and which without such a description are hardly to be understood. We may note, as an instance of the latter merit, the account of the field of Fredericksburg. It clears up much that was scarcely intelligible in previous stories of the battle, and does tardy justice both to Lee and to Burnside; showing that the attack of the latter was quite in accordance with military prudence, and might have succeeded if made by a better general with better troops, and that his position after the defeat was by no means such as to expose his antagonist to the charge of neglect or over-caution in hesitating to attack it. The most noticeable fault in the book is the prominence so constantly given, in season and out of season, to Jackson's expressions of religious feeling—expressions quoted with such reiteration and frequency as to convey to the reader a wholly erroneous idea of the General's habitual demeanour, which only a careful attention to the occasion and manner of these utterances, so unduly forced forward in the biography, will correct. We need not blame the author for idolizing his hero, or for assuming too hastily that he was right wherever he differed from his superiors; especially as Professor Dabney endeavours to be candid in admitting such defects of Jackson's character as his admiration allows him to discern.

Thomas Jefferson Jackson was born in Western Virginia, in 1824, of a respectable family; but was left, with a brother and

sister, an orphan at a very early age. He was received by one of his aunts; but at eight years old he took offence at his treatment by her husband, and appeared at the house of another relative, to whose expostulations he stubbornly replied:—"Uncle Brake and I don't agree; I have quit there, and shall not go back." Finally he trudged off, a considerable distance, to the home of another uncle, with whom his elder brother resided. This brother soon afterwards carried him off, first to a friend's house, then on an adventurous journey in search of employment, which the two lads found at last on an island in the Mississippi, where they contracted to cut firewood for the steamers. Driven hence by ague, they returned home; and the elder soon after dying, Thomas Jackson remained with his uncle, a wealthy farmer, who treated him as a son. Here he attended school and worked on the farm, until, while yet a boy, he was appointed constable of that portion of the county, in which capacity his chief duty was to collect small debts under the sentence of the local justices—a task, in that rude society, often attended with personal danger. But at eighteen came the chance that turned the whole current of his life, and he seized it. A youth who had obtained from the member for the Congressional district a nomination for West Point—the Federal Military College—took fright at the severity of the discipline, and threw it up. Jackson solicited and obtained it; started for Washington at once, and received the appointment from the Secretary for War; refused the invitation of his patron to stay with him for a few days and see the sights of Washington—an offer which few country lads could have declined—and went at once to West Point. Imperfectly prepared, and troubled with constitutional weakness, he did not at first succeed with his studies. But he was endowed with unbounded perseverance; he never left a lesson unfinished, and worked on with a steady industry which overcame all disadvantages. His was one of those exceptional natures by whose experience writers of moral exhortations for boys vindicate their saying "that perseverance and determination will enable a youth to obtain anything on which he sets his heart," and other maxims equally inciting and equally untrue. Jackson had indeed a slow mind, or rather, perhaps, one of late development; but it was one of no ordinary power. Passing with his class from one year's studies to another, he stood each year much higher than before among his contemporaries, and took a creditable, if not a distinguished, place at the graduation which closed the four years' college course. Appointed to a second lieutenancy of artillery, under an officer afterwards known to fame as the Confederate General Magruder, he signalized himself during the Mexican war by several brilliant acts of daring, always performed at a critical moment and to great practical advantage; and when the war was at an end, after a stay of some time in the conquered capital, he returned home with the rank of major. After a few dull years of garrison life, he was, in 1851, appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Virginia Military College at Lexington; and there he remained till the outbreak of the Confederate war. He was respected by the cadets, but he was neither a popular nor a successful teacher. Teaching requires a comprehensive, sympathetic, and versatile intellect—one that can see all sides of a subject, and enter into the views of other minds; and of this Jackson had nothing. If a pupil could not understand his enunciation of a proposition, he had no power of adapting it; and his notion of an explanation appears to have been to repeat over again, more distinctly and emphatically, the original formula. However, he seems to have been happy and contented in this new sphere. He was twice married; losing his first wife after fourteen months of wedded life. The second—now his widow—he married in 1857; and one daughter, born during her father's absence in the field, in 1862, is their only living child.

Northern rumours, circulated after he became famous, ascribed to General Jackson a reluctant and hesitating adherence to the cause of Secession. This was utterly inconsistent with all we knew of the man, and we are not surprised to learn that it is wholly untrue. Jackson, as one who had taken all his views of religious and moral truth directly and literally from Scripture, had no doubt about the rightfulness of slavery, which had been, to his mind, expressly sanctioned by the law, and tacitly by the Gospel. A slaveholder and a Virginian, he resented the invectives and attacks of Northern men upon Virginian institutions as a breach of the spirit of the Federal compact. The cadets of his College were the only military force at the command of the State, and he marched with them to guard John Brown and his accomplices during their trial and execution. Subsequent events appear to have prepared him, as fully as any one, for the necessity of separation; and when the State of Virginia determined to exert a right which she had formally reserved at her first accession to the Union, and repeatedly reasserted in her public acts, it was hardly possible for a Virginian to doubt where his duty lay. At all events Major Jackson had no doubts. And the part which he, and many other men of equally high principle and strong religious feeling, unhesitatingly took, if it be of no political value, is at least of moral weight as an answer to the imputations of selfish ambition and lawless violence so often thrown out against the Secessionists. All the best and most conscientious men of the South believed that they were doing their simple duty in serving their State against the Union, as against a foreign enemy. And Jackson went so far as to propose that quarter should neither be given nor asked, regarding the invaders as pirates, engaged in a purely criminal enterprise, and not entitled to the courtesies of war. As a matter

* *Life of Lieut.-General Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall Jackson)*. By Professor K. L. Dabney, D.D., of Richmond, Virginia. Edited by the Rev. W. Chalmers, A.M. 2 vols. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1866.

of policy, the advice may have had its merits. The Southerners, who fought with a strong conviction of duty, for home and country, would not have been driven from their standards by such a determination. But the armies of the North, though composed in part of patriotic or fanatical enthusiasts, were more largely recruited by men who enlisted for bounty, plunder, or from military tastes; and the threat of a war to the knife would have had a strong deterrent effect upon such a class. The objection to Jackson's counsel is a moral one. Nearly every war is, from the point of view of one or both parties, a war of wicked and wanton aggression; and if the extension of the courtesies of chivalry were dependent on the moral position of the belligerents, every war would become internecine, and the work of modern civilization in humanizing and moderating the cruel practices of warfare would be undone. The advice, therefore, was at once rejected by the clear-sighted chiefs of the Confederacy. But we can well understand how, to a man of Jackson's stern and practical morality, deeply imbued with the spirit of the old Puritans, and believing that the enemies of his cause were the enemies of God, it should seem right to deal with the Yankees as Israel dealt with Amalek. The decision once made, however, Jackson accepted and loyally carried it out; nor did he allow himself to be provoked, by the outrages which signalized the course of many Federal commanders, into a retaliation forbidden by the policy of his superiors.

Major Jackson was little known to the State authorities, and was in some danger of being overlooked. But those who knew him well were able to obtain for him the rank of colonel in the State forces, with the command at Harper's Ferry; and his services in seizing that arsenal, and disciplining the volunteers who flocked thither, secured for him, as soon as the Confederate Government took charge of the national defence, and began to collect and organize a powerful army, promotion and important employment. He first served under General Johnstone in Western Virginia, and accompanied him to Manassas, where the steadiness of the "Stonewall division" kept back the enemy at a critical period, and mainly contributed to the victory. General Jackson's next employment was in command of "the Valley" of North-western Virginia, where he distinguished himself by a series of brilliant victories over greatly superior forces; victories due chiefly to his own excellent strategy, and his exact appreciation of the ignorance and timidity of his antagonists. Summoned thence to Richmond, the terror of his name retained his adversaries in inactivity, and kept McDowell idle in front of Washington, until McClellan had been crushed on the Chickahominy, and hurled back, disabled and helpless, upon the James River. From that time Jackson never quitted the main army of Virginia, and was the "right hand" of General Lee until he fell, by the fire of his own men, on the very verge of a complete and decisive victory, at Chancellorsville. General Lee, on learning that Jackson was wounded, wrote to him a note of thanks and of regret, expressing the wish that he himself had been disabled rather than his lieutenant. And—whether it were that the Federals had learnt their lesson, and thenceforth, as was certainly the case, were better and more cautiously commanded, or that Jackson was irreplaceable—the first defeat of the Virginian army followed within a few weeks of his death; and, though for two years it continued to baffle and repulse the enemy, it never again won such triumphs as those in which "Stonewall Jackson" bore a part.

Those who fancied that Jackson was no more than a brilliant soldier, able to execute the plans of another with surpassing skill but not to direct a campaign, are sufficiently refuted by the history of his independent command in the Valley, where he kept at bay, fought, and repeatedly routed an enemy whose combined forces were three or four times as numerous as his own. It would be equally unjust, however, to ascribe to him that part in the subsequent campaigns which belongs to the Commander-in-Chief. Jackson at once recognised and cheerfully deferred to the superiority of Lee; and Lee knew how to employ and to trust Jackson on enterprises such as the manoeuvres preceding the second battle of Manassas and the flank march at Chancellorsville, which only such a lieutenant could have rendered safe or successful. Jackson was not only a daring and skilful strategist, but a commander of admirable quickness in seizing advantages given by unexpected events, and adapting his general plan to the changing circumstances of the battlefield. He owed much also to his intuitive appreciation of the temper and character of the generals opposed to him; still more to the confidence and devotion with which he had inspired his troops, and which rendered possible those astonishing forced marches that made his name a terror to the enemy, who on more than one occasion seem to have been half-beaten by merely learning that Jackson was in their front. This confidence, too, enabled him, like his chief, to offer an effective resistance with a small force to overwhelming numbers; and nearly all the Confederate victories in Virginia were won against tremendous odds. On the Chickahominy the forces actually engaged may have been nearly equal. At Manassas, on both occasions, the Confederates were greatly outnumbered; at particular points and times by four and five to one. At Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, the Federals were more than two to one. Only thorough trust in themselves and their leaders can make such victories possible even to the bravest troops in the world. General Jackson was less beloved by his immediate subordinates in command, who found him exacting to a degree that sometimes approached injustice, and extremely intolerant of any such manifestations of independent judgment or self-will as were to be

expected in a volunteer army. On the whole, however, he appears to have been just and forbearing towards those who evidently intended to do their duty and obey orders. Even his religious prejudices never made him unjust to real military merit, and among his equals in rank his favourite companion appears to have been General Stuart, who resembled in their best features the Cavaliers of Prince Rupert, as Jackson himself might have passed for a type of all that was best and worthiest in their Puritan enemies.

Like many distinguished soldiers, General Jackson was as gentle and kindly in private life, and as genial in the social circle, as he was stern and imperious in the field. His domestic affections and his love of home were very strong; and one of the greatest sacrifices he made to an exacting sense of duty was his refusal, from the day on which he first joined to that of his death, to ask for a furlough—a refusal prompted by his perception of the great inconvenience which the laxity of a volunteer army, in regard to leave of absence, entailed upon the country. He was extremely fond of children; and many anecdotes related by Professor Dabney display a love of their society, and a tender thoughtfulness for them, which strikingly, if not strangely, contrast with the harsher side of his character.

General Jackson's religion, while free from the taint of Puritanic bigotry, was decidedly of the Puritan stamp. He was a strict Sabbatarian, and held it wrong to read or write a letter on Sunday. His biographer quotes repeated protests against the transmission of mails on that day, as a national sin; and his excuses for fighting on "the Sabbath" display a curious attempt to reconcile the practical good sense which pointed out a paramount duty with the rule which, accepted on faith, it had never occurred to him to examine or to criticize. He evidently believed in a very special and direct interposition of Providence, both on behalf of his country and in his own personal and military fortunes; and his earnest ascription of his victories to "our God" was no matter of form or pious phraseology. His devotion was earnest, and somewhat demonstrative; and a hasty reader of this work might suspect a tinge of Pharisaic ostentation. But a closer observation shows that it was only in the privacy of confidential letters or conversation with likeminded friends that General Jackson was wont to give free vent to feelings which were undoubtedly the deepest in his nature, and that the part he took in public worship and in missionary enterprise was only such as might beseech a devout and earnest layman of a sect which draws no wide distinction between laymen and ministers. That such a man, fighting in a cause which he believed to be sacred, expecting the personal favour and direction of Heaven, and honestly ascribing every event to Providential interference, should be seen engaged in silent prayer on the field of battle as his troops passed into action, or in his tent before a critical movement, is natural and consistent. And the perfect resignation with which the great soldier accepted death, in the prime of life and at the zenith of his fame and usefulness, may be admitted as a conclusive proof of the thorough genuineness of a faith which, while as simple as that of a child, had in it nothing unworthy of the hero. We must repeat our opinion that Dr. Dabney has been indiscreet in his revelations of General Jackson's private utterances of religious feeling, inasmuch as the reader gathers from them an impression which they do not justify. There was nothing obtrusive or ostentatious about the piety of Stonewall Jackson. A perfect simplicity, an absolute freedom from every sort of affectation or display, characterized him in every relation and occupation of life almost as remarkably as the strength and energy which seemed ever to rise with the occasion, and make him equal to every emergency, and superior to the fatigues and hardships of one of the most active and arduous military careers on record.

THE LOGIC OF CHANCE.*

MR. VENN'S book, whatever its other qualities, has some which make it really pleasant reading, at least for those who can enjoy a piece of close reasoning upon a very intricate and abstract subject. It is, in the first place, short; the meaning has been compressed into the smallest compass, instead of spread out to make out as great a show as possible. Moreover, Mr. Venn has evidently laboured to put his meaning into the plainest terms, instead of encumbering it with a pretentious and pedantic phraseology. Both these merits are so rare in books dealing with metaphysical or logical problems that the author at once establishes a claim upon our gratitude. The chief fault, indeed, which we can find with the style is that, in the effort to be terse, he sometimes becomes a little obscure. Obscurity, however, arising from such a cause, and not from any mistiness of meaning, is pardonable, for it generally disappears upon closer attention; and any one who deals with such topics at all to the purpose has a right to demand more than average closeness of attention. Moreover, tersely as the book is written, it often shows great felicity of expression, and occasionally a very pleasant touch of humour. Thus we consider the following to be a remarkably happy illustration. Speaking of the hopelessness of argument between two persons who take fundamentally different views of one of the main metaphysical questions, he says:—

To attempt to induce any one to disbelieve (in a certain doctrine) by means of illustrations which seem to him only different examples of the principle in question, is like trying to stop the flow of a river by shovelling

* *The Logic of Chance*. By John Venn, M.A., Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

in snow. Such illustrations are plentiful in times of controversy, but, being in reality only modified forms of that which they are applied to counteract, they change their shape at their first contact with the disbeliever's mind, and only help to swell the flood which they were intended to check.

It would be well if this ingenious remark were more often remembered in combats between writers of the opposite metaphysical theories, which are generally battles between fish and fowls. As an instance of rather whimsical humour which enlivens the intricacies of chance-problems, we may cite the author's judicious answer to a difficulty felt by some persons. As there are only a limited number of words in the English language, it follows, according to the accepted doctrine, that if an idiot were to set about arranging them at random, he would in time form, not only intelligible sentences, but even books; one combination, for example, which he must hit upon in course of time being the works of Shakspeare. Mr. Venn, in order to console persons who may be startled at this power of chance, reminds them, first, that this power "is not confined to consummate genius and to mere chance." Any one might do it by arranging the letters of the alphabet designedly, according to the rules of the theory of combinations, if he only took time enough; and, further—which is perhaps more consoling—there is the additional security that, even if the idiot had stumbled upon a brilliant conception, he would require a Shakspeare at his elbow to tell him at which of his performances he had better stop.

Such questions as these are, of course, the playthings of mathematical reasoners. But the doctrine of chance itself is one which has many bearings upon moral and social science, and it is with a view to these that Mr. Venn's book is chiefly written. The first and the longer portion of it, however, is devoted to clearing away, and we think very successfully, certain fallacies which are still strangely prevalent. The doctrine of chances has for the most part been treated by mathematicians, who have applied all the resources of their science to solve the peculiarly perplexing problems which arise. It is natural that, in this more than in any other subject, they should have fallen into the fallacy of over-estimating the value of their formulæ, or, rather, of forgetting the conditions under which they hold true. They have been successful, and in a manner which at first sight seems surprising, in bringing order out of apparent chaos; they are able to say with approximate accuracy how many events of a given series will turn out in a certain way, although the way in which each event will turn out is absolutely uncertain. This seems to be so singular a result as to produce the delusion that the events adapt themselves to the formulæ; it seems as if we were not simply counting up the number of ways in which things happen, but determining the number of ways in which they must happen. In short, we are substituting the subjective for the objective point of view; and this error still lurks in so many corners of the intricate labyrinth called the doctrine of chances that Mr. Venn has done good service in hunting it out and exposing it in detail. It is here to be found in its last stronghold.

Thus, to take the case which is eternally used as an example—that of tossing up a penny. Why do we confidently assert that it will turn up heads as often as tails? Mr. Venn replies, with Mr. Mill, that we have only one reason—namely, that of experience. He cross-examines his *a priori* antagonist, to drive him into a confession that there is a lurking assumption in his argument of some premiss given only by experience. Thus he must, in the first place, assume that the penny which is to perform these feats is an ideal penny, perfectly equal and uniform on both sides. Then, may the thrower always start it the same side upwards, or the two sides upwards alternately? If he may, experience might prove that either of these plans would alter the series. If we are told not to think about it at all, this again involves an appeal to experience. We think that these and similar arguments alleged by Mr. Venn are unanswerable. The obstinacy with which the other view is held depends, no doubt, upon the strength of our conviction that heads and tails will come up equally often, though scarcely any one takes the trouble to toss up pence and count the result to any great extent. But this conviction seems to be partly due to experience drawn from different sources. When we have elsewhere acquired a habit of tracing causes in their effect upon averages, any other result than that which actually occurs would seem improbable. We cannot say indeed, *a priori*, that a steady preference of a penny to fall heads rather than tails would be impossible; but, from all we know of the causes which determine the fall of bodies, such a propensity would be very singular. And the same may be said of any other case than that which actually occurs. This, which is a mere inference from experience of other cases, is obtainable without trying the special game of heads and tails, and is therefore confounded with an *a priori* knowledge of the behaviour of the penny.

Having encountered the enemy successfully in some of these primary cases, Mr. Venn pursues him into certain fastnesses well known to mathematicians, which we have only space to indicate shortly. Outside games of chance the *a priori* theory becomes more palpably untenable. Thus Laplace asserts that the regularity in nature, which some have considered a proof of Providence, is "nothing but the development of the respective probabilities of the simple events." Take such a case, says Mr. Venn, as the well-known one that, in the long run, the births of male children are to those of female as 106 to 100. But their "respective probabilities" are nothing but this proportion, which is derived simply from statistics. Laplace's phrase, when analysed,

merely repeats the assertion in a roundabout way. A more remote case of the same fundamental fallacy is the rule which seeks to infer, from the number of times that an event has been observed, the probability of its recurrence; an example of which is Laplace's theory that, at the date of his writing, it was 1,826,214 to 1 that the sun would rise again. When the arguments in support of this position are traced out, they involve the assumption that the universe is constructed on the principle of a bag containing black and white balls; and that a calculation (itself involving other assumptions) as to the proportions of black balls and white, and the order in which they will come out in future, will lead us by analogy to determine the future of the sun. That any such rule can be universally true is, indeed, obviously impossible, and Mr. Venn gives some simple cases to prove it. If it has rained three days, what is the chance that it will rain the fourth? According to the climate, the chance of rain may be greater or less, or it may be unaffected in consequence of the previous day's rain. Or, again, strychnine has killed the animals to which it was administered three times; a false alarm of fire has three times brought people to the rescue; is the same rule to be followed for deciding the probability of a fourth recurrence of each of these events? There is, in fact, one fatal error at the root of all these arguments—that they endeavour to convert pure ignorance into a base of reasoning; and they involve somewhere the celebrated principle of Sufficient Reason, that because we have no reason, for example, for believing that the inhabitants of Jupiter are black rather than white, therefore they are "equally likely" to be black or white. "Equally likely" can only mean, as Mr. Venn ingeniously shows, that if we take enough planets we shall find as many with black men as with white; or perhaps—for a happy ambiguity arises from the purely subjective and arbitrary nature of our classification—our choice may be extended also to the other heavenly bodies.

These and many cognate principles are worked out in considerable detail, though in a remarkably compressed form; for the whole essay, if it were not somewhat tough reading, might be easily read after dinner. Their application to moral and social questions, which is the chief purpose of the book, follows, and is equally interesting. Amongst other questions, Mr. Venn discusses the application of the doctrine of chance to testimony, where he points out with great force the singularly futile nature of the ordinary hypothesis about the witnesses who tell a lie once in ten times; also the application of statistics to human actions, with an exposure of some of Mr. Buckle's queer fallacies about "the power of the general law (as to suicide) being so irresistible, that neither the love of life nor the fear of another world could avail anything towards checking its operation"; and finally, the question now so often raised as to Hume's argument upon miracles. We may notice in a very few words one or two of the points he brings out with regard to this. Thus a witness who lies once in ten times tells an extraordinary story. This is generally described as "a contest of probabilities." The chances are nine to one that the witness speaks truth. But the story is intrinsically improbable; say it is false ninety-nine times out of one hundred when told. Are we, as Hume says, to deduct one probability from the other? No; for we do not really know that the witness is more likely to speak falsely in the case of an improbable story than of a probable one; "probability" in this case merely meaning rarity. If Professor Owen described a monster, he would describe it as accurately as a common case. A man of average intelligence would describe it far less accurately. Hence the effect of the improbability of the story told upon the credibility of the witness is uncertain, and therefore vitiates our calculations. No fixed rules can be given. But, again, a miraculous event is not improbable merely in this sense of "rarity." If a man tells us that he has seen a sheep with five legs, we may believe him, for the event occurs occasionally. If he says that he has seen a sheep with ten legs, we doubt its existence altogether. We cannot measure the rate at which the story becomes improbable. It cannot be asserted in this case, as in the case of throwing sixes with dice many times in succession, that if we go on long enough we shall arrive at sheep with any number of legs. And hence a mere calculation from probability becomes impossible until we have appealed to observation and induction. Hence we speedily arrive at cases where probability fails us altogether; and, as a conclusion, the science of probability has really little bearing upon the case of miracles. We may add Mr. Venn's final result, which, though a digression from his main purpose, is very sensible, and seems to be little appreciated in most of the arguments upon this subject—namely, that our belief in the possibility of miracles must depend upon our readiness, on other grounds, to accept a belief in a general Providential scheme. This necessity was fully accepted by Hume, to whose arguments Mr. Venn seems to be a little unjust. Hume supplements his argument against miracles by an argument against the belief in such a dispensation as that of which the Christian miracles form part. It is idle to argue for or against such miracles without reference to this more general question. "To start," as Mr. Venn says, "with the inductive principle of uniform causation, and then to attempt (leaving the notion of Providential superintendence out of sight) to establish such and such a miracle, and hence a revelation," can, after any accumulation of evidence, only leave us in doubt.

Mr. Venn touches upon so many interesting questions that we have only endeavoured to pick a few specimens, somewhat at random, from his book, to give a general idea of his scope. To have argued any one of them at all fully would have required the whole

of our space; and it would be equally difficult to give a full analysis of the general argument, which is so tightly packed as to be very difficult of abridgment. We will therefore only remark, in conclusion, that it is a valuable contribution to a difficult subject, which has perhaps nowhere received so full a discussion, by a very acute and independent thinker; and that it is pleasing, not only from the ability but from the evident candour of the arguments. The most unsatisfactory part, to our minds, is an attempt to show that the general uniformities observed are independent of the truth or falsehood of the doctrine of universal causation, to which, however, Mr. Venn says that he personally inclines. We think that there is some confusion in his account of that doctrine, and that the bearing of the results which he admits is not fully appreciated. We may remark one instance of accidental unfairness to Mr. Buckle. Mr. Buckle, he says, should not have endeavoured to prove universal causation from the uniformity of such events as suicides and misdirected letters; but from the irregularities—e.g. from a decrease in crime consequent upon an increased vigilance of police. Mr. Buckle, it is true, laid chief stress upon the uniformities, perhaps because they have been most observed; but he also dwells upon such a case as the alleged variation of the number of marriages in England in proportion to the price of corn, which is precisely a case in point.

BELLUM GRAMMATICALE.*

THE above title refers, not, as might be supposed, to the sharp controversy that still continues on the subject of the *Public School Primer*, but is the name of a Latin tragic-comedy, acted before Queen Elizabeth, in Christchurch, Oxford, on Sunday the 24th of September, 1592. The record of this performance is to be found in a tract affixed to Peck's *Life of Oliver Cromwell*, the writer of which states that the play was but "meanly performed, though most graciously and with great patience heard by Her Majesty."

For upwards of forty years, it would seem, did the *Bellum Grammaticale* remain in manuscript; but at last it attracted the notice of John Spencer, a London bookseller, who, thinking that the knowledge of a work which was not only a model of purity and elegance, but was likely to convey grammatical instruction in an amusing form, should be more widely diffused, sent it to the press, and in the year 1635 turned out as ugly and as ill-printed a book as one would be likely to find in the course of a day's rummage in an old library. If the acting of the Christchurch performers was only half as bad as the printing of Messrs. Fawcett, the typographers employed by Spencer, our excellent Queen Bess must have possessed an amount of patience to which sufficient justice has not been done by historians. To those, however, who can occasionally gird up their intellectual loins for an effort, and are not too easily frightened by typographical obstacles, *Bellum Grammaticale* may afford some amusement as a specimen of the laborious trifling that was deemed "fun" by the learned of the sixteenth century. The author, flourishing in an age of allegory, and reflecting that nouns and verbs may as easily be personified as virtues and vices, elicits from his Latin Grammar the substance of a play, which he deliberately constructs in five acts, written in a metre which he apparently intends to be Iambic, but which even those who are tolerably familiar with the verse of Plautus and Terence will find hard to analyse. At the present day the passion for personification finds its vent in the introduction to a Christmas pantomime, and at Drury Lane especially we have on successive occasions seen letters, arithmetical figures, months, toys, &c., all represented by living actors. But Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the great writer of pantomime, who is the creator of these oddities, takes care that they shall not remain long on the stage; and after they have excited a laugh of a few minutes' duration they retire, not to appear again till the following night. Such a mode of treating an allegorical fancy would have been, to the author of *Bellum Grammaticale*, a sign of a most wasteful disposition. Good thoughts do not come too often, and, when they do come, are not to be lightly treated. So, inspired by his happy notion of a quarrel between a noun and a verb, our learned dramatist hammers out his heavy pleasantry, and the Oxford magnates find themselves in possession of a fitting dish to set before a Queen.

The printed *Bellum Grammaticale* is, we believe, scarce, and probably many of those into whose possession it has fallen are unwilling to test their own patience by the ordeal to which royal Eliza so laudably submitted. A short description of this strange compound of fancy and pedantry may therefore be acceptable to those who have a taste as well for the oddities as for the amenities of literature. After a short prologue, in which the audience are requested to pay due attention to the intellectual pastime prepared for their recreation, the piece commences with a soliloquy spoken by the pronoun *Ille*, a parasite, who describes his own voracity after the manner of Plautus, to whom we must always look for the purely sensual, gormandizing flatterer, who gloats over his food, as distinguished from the more tricky parasite of Terence. Having disposed of his own qualifications, he is proceeding to state that Poeta, King of the Nouns, and Amo, King of the Verbs, have

quarrelled in the course of a banquet, when he is interrupted by the startling phenomenon of an Adjective walking alone, without the support of a Substantive. Presently he learns that this is an "Adjectivum in neutro genere positum," and can therefore not only stand without a Substantive, but sometimes can even govern a genitive case. The insolence of the Adjective on finding itself in a state of exceptional independence, and its disposition to quarrel with *Ille*, who seems inclined to "chaff" it on its newly acquired dignity, are humorously drawn. On hearing of the war, Adjective declares its loyalty to its natural chief, King Poeta, and promises to supply him with three companies of cavalry. The Adjective gone, the King of the Nouns enters, furious with the indignities he has received from the King of the Verbs; and his wrath being encouraged by the parasite, he boasts that Ajax, Achilles, Hercules, and all the other heroes of antiquity, are under his command, apparently for the very silly reason that proper names are Substantives. On the adherence of the Prepositions and Interjections he feels confident that he can rely, and he directs that the former shall faithfully stick to their Cases, while the latter are to make themselves useful in exhortation. But the Participles are doubtful allies, for though they are declined like Nouns, they derive their origin from Verbs, and *Ille* is admonished to do his best to enlist them on the side of Poeta. This scene ended, we have its parallel in another, in which Amo, King of the Verbs, and his parasite, Ubique, are the speakers. The author thinks it very funny to make the warlike feeling by which Amo is inspired so strong that it converts the love his name implies into hate, and, fearing that the dialogue will not convey to the actor a sufficient notion of the degree of rage he is to simulate, he has recourse to the rare expedient of a stage-direction, and writes in the margin "*Amo Rex sævit*." Ubique—who, like *Ille*, is a counsellor of war—is in turn despatched to the Participles, to secure their allegiance to the King of the Verbs.

The second act introduces us to Participle, who is described in the list of persons as "*Dux insidiatus*." The soliloquy which he utters shows that he is a very wicked part of speech, resolved to take advantage of the confusion into which the Province of Grammar will be thrown by the war between its two kings, and to live by rapine. Reflecting on his own greatness, he thinks he can be nothing less than a Pope, and this gives occasion to a Protestant claptrap:—

Pontifex est Participium:

Cum nec deus est nec homo,
Et deus est et homo, que vult ad Tartarum
Trudit et rursus emittit; parva pecunia
Vendit Christum, cruces et altaria,
Et cælum etiam si emptorem invenerit.

In pursuance of his order, *Ille*, the Noun's parasite, calls to crave the assistance of Participle in the forthcoming war. Playing on the words denoting the appurtenances of a feast, and herein again reminding us of Plautus, he describes war as a state of things

Ubi imperator apparitor, laux phalanx;
Ubi signum pugne dant tibie tibicinis;
Ubi prolii locus focus; oesa fossa; lancee lanceæ;
Cristæ ciste; acies facies; bella labella; spicula pocula;
Vagina lagina; spolia dolia; scutum scortum;
Prælia prandia.

Wishing to take advantage of his equivocal position, Participle does not seem inclined to commit himself, but apparently gives way, when reminded by *Ille* of the fate of Mettius Fuffetius (converted by the admirable printer of the book into Suffetius), and promises that at all events he will give secret assistance to King Poeta. When *Ille* has departed, Ubique, the Verb's parasite, comes forward in turn with an application from his royal master, and is dismissed by Participle with a similar promise.

If Participle, sprung from a verb and declined like a noun, is the secret promoter of discord, the "Conjunction" Simul, who now visits him, and whose name points to association, is the friend of peace. In vain does this wise and virtuous part of speech urge the crafty mongrel to use his mighty influence in the cause of Concord. Participle shrewdly replies that he who owes equal allegiance to two contending parties virtually owes allegiance to neither, and that therefore he intends to let things take their course. Left to his own thoughts, Simul can only reflect on the folly of Participle's decision. What will be the life of that shortsighted being, he asks himself, if the Verbs and Nouns utterly destroy each other? How will he be declined? How will he take his place in a discourse? But such is the blinding effect of the lust of empire, that Participle, who hopes to become the absolute ruler of the Province of Grammar, cannot see the abyss to which he is tending. Simul now waits on the two kings, Poeta and Amo, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation; but the irate sovereigns are impatient of good counsel, and the patriotic Conjunction can hope no more. It is rather an unfortunate circumstance, by the way, that the word "Simul" is, in point of fact, not a conjunction but an adverb. However, the Adverbs, as a body, are all engaged on the side of the Verbs; and as the name "Simul" pleasantly denotes union, we will not destroy the illusion by too close an inspection of our grammars and dictionaries, but trust to the list of *dramatis persone*, in which we find Simul described as "*Dux conjunctionum pacificus*."

When the third act opens we find Poeta, King of the Nouns, attended by his allies—Ego, leader of the Pronouns; Cis, Queen of the Prepositions; and Pape, leader of the Interjections. The Pronouns are, of course, naturally attached to the Nouns; but the Prepositions have their scruples, and Cis, the queen, reminds

* *Bellum Grammaticale*, sive *Nominum Verborumque Discordia civilis*. Tragic-Comœdia. Londini: excudebant B. A. and T. Fawcett, Impensis Joh. Spenceri. 1635.

Poeta that the hostile king, Amo, has allowed them to stand before his Verbs (that is to say, in compounds), and that consequently she owes him some consideration. But the condescension of Poeta in allowing Prepositions to govern three cases has turned the scale in his favour, and she is altogether devoted to his service. Pappe, likewise zealous in the cause of the Nouns, is a somewhat grotesque personage, uttering discourse in which interjections hold a prominent place. A very undramatic feeling for symmetry, which is manifest throughout the entire play, has led the author to follow up this scene with another, in which King Amo appears with his ally, the leader of the Adverbs, who is somewhat oddly named "Ædepol." We may remark here that the author has, to a certain extent, a grammar of his own. "Ille," as the proper name of the Nouns' parasite, is not declined in the usual way, but after the fashion "Ille, Illidis, &c.," as may be seen in the line

Illidem ne video, parasitum Nominis?

This form, however, does not prevent him having a vocative in E, as may be seen from the expression

Et tu, mi Illide, male peri.

King Amo and his ally having resolved on despatching an ambassador to declare war against the Nouns, the stage left vacant by their departure is occupied by certain fiends called "Grammaticæ Pestes," and respectively named Solæcismus, Barbarismus, Traulismus, and Cacotonus, all rejoicing at the confusion into which the Province of Grammar is thrown. The humour of this scene consists in making every one of the fiends commit the fault described by his name. Thus Solæcismus says:—

Ego nunquam curavit floccos grammaticales regulas,
Sed ego accipit de severis Priscianus bonus remedium,
Quia ille vapulavit me millies in scholam.

Barbarismus, of course, uses expressions not to be considered classical, and Cacotonus perpetrates false quantities. Traulismus is less felicitously introduced, inasmuch as the word applies to mispronunciation arising from a natural defect, not from a want of erudition.

With the appearance of the fiends the act ought, one would think, to end, but it goes on nevertheless, and the retiring demons make way for the re-entrance of King Amo, with his chosen ambassador, Sodes, whom he instructs to declare war against King Poeta. However, before he has set out on his mission, Sodes encounters the good and wise Simul, who is soliloquizing on the horrors that will arise in the Province of Grammar if either of the contending parties destroys the other:—

Quis rerum tam imperitus est,
Qui tam cœcus est, qui nescit
Sine verbis non posse in se nomina transire?
Verba esse nuda nisi adhareant nominibus?

Simul also informs us, with Æschylean solemnity, that the present discord is but the renewal of an ancient contest for supremacy, settled in remote ages by a compact, according to which the nominatives of the Nouns were to govern the Verbs; the Verbs, on the other hand, were to govern the oblique cases of the Nouns; the Nouns were to have authority over their own genitives, and the Verbs over their own infinitives. The old compact is now broken; war is the result; and Simul, after vainly endeavouring to dissuade Sodes from the performance of his mischievous duty, resolves to consult the four grammarians noted at the time, as the only means of preventing general destruction.

The fourth act opens in the camp of the Nouns, where King Poeta, who is accompanied by his parasite Ille, receives the message of defiance from Sodes, which he answers in pompous hexameters. He then proceeds to arrange the order of battle, and to harangue his troops, ingeniously contriving to introduce this brilliant pun:—

Vos verba in fugam verberibus
Vertite—

the corresponding words being printed, as here, in Italics, lest they should escape the attention of the unwary. Indeed, so very felicitous is this *bon-mot* deemed by the dramatist, that in the following scene, which consists of a "chaffing" match between the parasites Ille and Ubique, the former returns to it thus:—

Vos datis verba, nos autem verbera.

And again we have the Italics. King Amo, in turn, harangues his soldiers, and we then have an episodic scene in which the principal speakers are the Verbs Edo and Sum. The latter, as a verb substantive, is in the act of joining the Nouns, with whom he sympathizes as his natural allies, but he is captured as a deserter by Edo, and is only released on the conditions implied in the following passage:—

Sum. Ego tibi præsentis indicativi mei largiar
Tres personas, *Es, est, estis*; imperativi duas
Formas, *Es, esto; este, estote*;
Secundi modi Subjunctivi imperfectum totum,
Ut *pro ecerem* et cæteris
Dicam *impune essem, esse, et cætera*.
Euo. Adde Infinitum *Esse*; et liber esto.

The use here made of the forms common to the two verbs is ingenious enough. The act terminates with a scene in which Simul and the grammarian Priscianus are the speakers. The latter is shocked to hear of the lamentable condition to which the province is reduced, and resolves to convene his fellow-grammarians without delay.

Between the end of the fourth act and the commencement of

the fifth there is no real division. The three other grammarians, Linacrus, Despauterius, and Lilius, appear in answer to the shouts of Priscianus, and they resolve to do their best as Judges of the Province of Grammar, divinely appointed by the God of Speech, Mercurius. Every one who can take any interest in the subject is of course familiar with the names at least of Priscian, Linacre, and Lily, but it may not be superfluous to explain that Despauterius is an old Flemish scholar, whose Latin Grammar was long used in the French schools till it sank under the influence of the Port-Royal. By two heralds, Quamvis and Tamen, the contending parties are summoned in the name of the God Mercurius to appear before the Judges, and the summons is obeyed without hesitation. Fors, a messenger, corresponding to the *ἀγγελος* of Greek tragedy, gives an elaborate account of the engagement that has already taken place, and of the fearful slaughter on both sides. The humour of this description turns on the selection of the defective Nouns and Verbs, and the enumeration of the missing Cases, Tenses, &c., as so many persons killed in battle. Thus Fors himself is among the sufferers, having lost all his Cases except the nominative and the ablative. Obedience being promised by the rival kings, the terms of peace are laid down by Priscian, consisting of a list of the apparent anomalies of Latin Grammar, which are made to represent a sort of compromise. The clause referring to the Impersonal Verbs, who are supposed to have suffered some loss, will serve as a specimen of the whole:—

Quæ personas amiserint misere Impersonalia
Substantant sibi casus qui præcederent
Constanter, tantum tertia singulari sine supposito;
Dicamusque pro ego *misero*, tu *miseres*, ille *miseret*,
Me, te, illum *miseret*, &c.

With Lily's announcement of his own Grammar, by way of epilogue to the piece, the whole concludes; and when she had reached this point, great must have been the delight of good Queen Bess.

LIFE OF ADMIRAL BROKE.*

THE entire duration of the celebrated engagement between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* was less than fifteen minutes, and it was finished, so far as gunnery was concerned, in about six minutes. The skilful use of cannon at close quarters by the English ship reduced the American in this brief period to a condition of disorder which offered a favourable opportunity for boarding; and, this opportunity being seized, the action was decided. Captain Broke was remarkable for the attention which he paid to gunnery and small-arm drill, and he was rewarded for his diligence by feeling superior to his antagonist from the moment that his frigate opened fire.

Considering the brevity of this action, the length of the account of it which now lies before us is amazing. But perhaps, if the life of a naval officer who performed one great exploit is to be made to fill a large thick volume, it is only reasonable that that exploit should occupy two-fifths of the work. Whether or not we could now equal the Americans in shipbuilding or naval gunnery, it must be owned that in fine writing they have gone far beyond us. If Dr. Brighton intended to compete with biographers of Captain Broke's opponents he cannot be congratulated upon success. He is capable on occasion of tall talk, but cannot rise to the lofty altitude of bombast where an American naval writer walks easily and habitually. It is a pity that, as the *Shannon* was "an unassuming ship," and her captain a quiet man, the story of her exploit should be told in inflated language. Among other sources of information supplied to this author was Captain Broke's private journal, which contains the following entry:—

Tuesday, June 1st, 1813.—Off Boston. Moderate.
N.W. Wrote Lawrence.
P.M. Took *Chesapeake*.

This is probably the shortest possible account of an important naval action. The longest possible account of the same action may be found in the volume now before us. We have an opening description of the weather and the scenery on a summer morning in Boston Bay. "The lighthouse, friendly alike to friend and foe," is a feature in the picture. If these words have any meaning, it must be that the lighthouse was in the habit of assisting the British blockading squadron by showing its light. But it will be fair to assume that they have no meaning. Again, the *Shannon* is described as rusty with long cruising, her ensign faded, "and short of provisions and water." We do not see how the amount of stores on board could influence the ship's conduct in action, unless indeed her superabundant biscuit could have been fired at close quarters from her carronades by way of set-off to the langridge composed of rusty nails, &c., which the Americans are accused of using in this war. Once more we are told that Broke descended into his cabin, and made "his final personal arrangements." This vile penny-a-liner's phrase appears to mean that Broke said his prayers, but it might just as well be used to signify that he loaded his pistols or drank a glass of brandy. Dr. Brighton conjectures that Broke prayed for his wife and children, "then probably sleeping the sleep of the peaceful in distant England," so that this author appears to suppose that when it is midday off Boston it is midnight in England. It is a pity that the story of this famous action could not have been simply told,

* Admiral Sir P. B. V. Broke, Bart., K.C.B., &c. A Memoir. Compiled by the Rev. J. G. Brighton, M.D., chiefly from Journals and Letters in the possession of Rear-Admiral Sir George Broke-Middleton, Bart., C.B., &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

but we will endeavour to strip off Dr. Brighton's ornaments and present the substance of his narrative.

The *Shannon* awaited the *Chesapeake* about fifteen or twenty miles from Boston. When the American was nearly within gunshot, the British frigate filled under jib, topsails, and spanker, and, having little more than steerage way, awaited her opponent's closer approach. It was at first doubtful whether the *Chesapeake* would make a raking evolution astern of the *Shannon*, or come fairly alongside; but when she arrived within pistol-shot all suspense was ended, for she rounded to on the starboard quarter of her opponent. Broke ordered his men to fire on the enemy as soon as the guns bore on his second bow-port. The broadside thus delivered was terribly effective. At the same moment Captain Lawrence fell badly wounded by a musket-ball. In passing the *Shannon*, after receiving her first broadside, the *Chesapeake*, being much disabled by it, gradually luffed into the wind, and thus became exposed to a second broadside, as well as to musketry. She then drifted astern until her larboard quarter struck the *Shannon* about the fifth or sixth gun on the main-deck. Broke, seeing the enemy flinching from his quarters, hurried forward with the words "Follow me who cau." The veteran boatswain, Stevens, who had served in Rodney's action, received in lashing the ships together the wounds of which he died. The ships were in contact only at a small point, and for a short time. Fifty or sixty men, however, followed Broke. It would appear from other accounts that the number of boarders was larger; but it is not easy to arrive at certainty on this point. A disorderly resistance was made on the *Chesapeake's* deck. While the fight was going on, the ship's head gradually fell off, her sails filled, she broke away from the lashings, and forged across the bow of the *Shannon*. At this moment the English party had divided. First-Lieutenant Watt was aft, hauling down the enemy's flag. Captain Broke was on the fore-castle, interposing between his own men and some Americans who would otherwise have been cut to pieces. The First-Lieutenant, in his haste, caused his men to bend on a white ensign under the American ensign. The moment this was seen from the *Shannon* her fire recommenced, and a grape-shot from his own ship killed Lieutenant Watt. The consternation diffused by this accident on the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck reanimated the Americans on the fore-castle. Broke was attacked by several men at once, one of whom struck him with a cutlass on the head, while another with clubbed musket drove home his comrade's weapon. Meanwhile a conflict had been going forward on the *Chesapeake's* main-deck, which ended in her men being driven below, and a grating placed over the main-hatchway. The British ensign had now been hoisted above the American. The battle was over, and the victory had been won in thirteen minutes. In this brief time 252 men were either killed or wounded in the two ships.

The wound of Captain Broke and the death of Lieutenant Watt left Lieutenant Wallis in command of the *Shannon*, and this officer, who was a native of Halifax, had the honour of carrying the *Chesapeake* as a prize into that port. The American captain, Lawrence, died of his wounds upon the passage, having, as the author tells us, displayed "a bravery which in a better cause might have met a better fate." Probably Dr. Brighton does not agree with Homer, that

The one best omen is to fight for fatherland.

And it appears that he does not agree with Sir George Broke-Middleton, who, in a chapter which he has contributed to his father's Life, shows that this war originated "in a high-handed disregard by England of international justice, and of the rights and feelings of the Americans." The device of employing two writers, one of whom contradicts the other, is a novel and hopeful expedient of book-making; although the business of amplification might have been safely trusted to Dr. Brighton, who, as we shall see presently, contradicts himself. He states at p. 186 that Captain Broke was unable to write the official account of the action to which his name was affixed, and that it is even doubtful whether he signed it. At p. 262 he informs his readers that when his work had proceeded to this point some letters of Captain Broke to his wife were found, and he laments that they were not found before, "as all doubts of the authenticity of the official letter, and all criticisms upon it, would then have been omitted." The usual practice of authors is to collect their materials before writing, or, if fresh materials come to hand in the progress of their work, to re-write so much of it as may be necessary, and to suppress what is proved to be incorrect. But Dr. Brighton seems to think fine writing preferable to fact. He finishes his own account of the action by stating that the two ships, "full in sight of hundreds of Americans, slowly receded from the land and from the sight of the afflicted inhabitants of Boston." He had previously shown that the action was fought between fifteen and twenty miles from Boston, and he mentions that the *Shannon* and her prize did not make sail for Halifax until nine o'clock in the evening. The ships, therefore, were not full in sight of the people of Boston; and, indeed, Dr. Brighton quotes further on from a Boston newspaper an account of the action, which states that the frigates proceeded to the eastward till lost sight of from the town, so that "the citizens were spared the distress of witnessing the result." This author is either careless or indifferent to accuracy, and it is a pity that the Life of Broke should have been written as if to show that England can rival America, not only in gallant naval exploits, but also in bombastical

accounts of them. Almost the only satisfactory portion of this book, besides the journals and letters of Broke and the official documents, is the chapter by Sir George Broke-Middleton to which reference has been already made. Dr. Brighton gives us all the poetry that was poured forth in honour of the *Shannon's* victory, as well as his own poetic prose, and it is difficult to decide which is the more intolerable reading.

The character of Broke deserved to have been drawn by a more able hand. Having been born in 1776, he was thirty-seven years old when he took the *Chesapeake*. There would have been little for him to do after the peace with America and France, even if the state of his health had permitted him to go to sea. But the severe wound upon his skull received on the *Chesapeake's* fore-castle, aggravated by a fall from horseback in 1820, rendered him for life an invalid, and caused his death in 1841. His period of naval service was therefore short, and it was interrupted by four years spent upon half-pay ashore. His only considerable exploit was that which finished his career, but in thirteen minutes of close fighting he earned an enduring reputation. His correspondence does not show him to have possessed any very remarkable mental power, and he seems to have owed his success to sustained and exclusive devotion to the purpose of his life. His thoughts were wholly engrossed by the absent wife to whom he writes and the "wooden mistress" from whom he was inseparable. During seven years that he commanded the *Shannon* he was incessantly studying and practising how to engage an enemy. Thus the Americans who had triumphed by skill in gunnery met an opponent who was more skilful than themselves. It is shown by Dr. Brighton, in a portion of his volume which is exceptionally valuable, that half an hour of well-aimed broadside firing at close quarters would have destroyed either of the contending frigates; and the question therefore was which should be destroyed first. It appears, by a description of the hulls of the two vessels after the action, that the *Shannon's* fire was much more effective than the *Chesapeake's*. Her crew had that steadiness which they would be likely to derive from the example and instruction of their captain. He said to them before the action, "Don't try to dismast her. Fire into her quarters. Kill the men, and the ship is yours." To a seaman, who "hoped the captain would give them revenge for the *Guerrière*," he answered, "You shall have it, my man; go to your quarters." The *Guerrière's* action with the *Constitution* is not inaptly compared by Sir George Broke-Middleton to an engagement between a wooden frigate and an iron-clad. If this illustration be thought extravagant, we may put the matter more moderately thus—that if Captain Broke and his crew had been on board the *Guerrière* she could hardly have escaped capture by the *Constitution*. It is difficult to say which was the greater folly—to provoke America to war, or to neglect proper precautions for encountering her successfully. We had hundreds of cruisers upon the seas, but not one vessel fit to engage a large Yankee frigate. We drove our sailors, by neglect and harshness, from our service, and attempted to ensure their fidelity by severity of punishment of deserters. Our naval administration of that day was a compound of weakness and cruelty. We managed to maintain fleets at sea, although, as has been well said, our Admiralty could neither get men nor keep them. When Captain Broke was appointed to the *Druid*, in 1805, the ship was sent to the Bristol Channel to press seamen. The trade from Bristol was entirely stopped on account of her anchoring under the Flat Holmes. In fact the port was blockaded as effectually as if by a French squadron. When we read how crews were got together, what must we think of the quality of the officers who could make them victorious! The motto which was given to Captain Broke for his exploit,

Sevunque tridentem servamus,

was only too appropriate to the bullying of neutrals and persecuting of sailors which our Admiralty practised until it brought England's maritime power into extreme jeopardy. The crest of augmentation would have better symbolized that abused power if for a trident had been substituted a cat-o'-nine-tails. The captor of the *Chesapeake* deserved all the honours he received, and his exploit was not the less acceptable to the authorities because he was a patient, pious man, who made the best of things as they were, instead of clamouring for reform. In fact he was as good a seaman as Lord Cochrane, and he was a Churchman and Tory. As his biographer puts it, he "entered on a decidedly religious course" in early manhood, but we do not find traces of what was in that day called "psalm-singing" on board the *Shannon*. We could have wished that this Life had been written somewhat in the style of *Southey's Life of Nelson*, but Dr. Brighton is unlike Southey in every respect except his Toryism. Nevertheless, it may be collected from this bulky volume that Philip Bowes Vere Broke was a model of private and professional excellence.

A MANUAL OF MENTAL CULTURE.*

THERE is hardly any point on which, as a nation, we are wont more especially to plume ourselves than on the practical excellence of our method of education. Yet, with the usual tendency of our countrymen to rest content with practical or empirical results, there is no single branch of study on which we can be said habitually to spend so little thought as on the abstract or theoretical principles of mental culture. There has been little

* *Manual of Mental Culture*. By Michael Angelo Garvey, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. London: Bell & Daldy. 1866.

or no attempt on our part to lay down a philosophy of education, or to embody in the form of dogma those laws of intellectual and moral growth which must be taken to underlie results so satisfying to our national complacency. The business of the educator comes with us much nearer to the nature of a craft than to that of the highly organized and transcendental function which it presents to the eyes of more abstract-minded or imaginative races. It is regarded as a happy knack, or a heaven-sent facility, rather than as the fruit of a methodical and organized study. Still less is it in accordance with the habits of the pragmatic national mind to model the nursery or the schoolroom upon some abstract or ideal type of juvenile perfection. It is not by setting nature in the stocks, or by rules of the doctrinaire and artificial kind of the *Cyropædia* or the *Emile*, that the matter-of-fact British intellect aims at regulating the minds of its infant charges. Whatever may have been attempted in this way with our Sandfords and Mertons a generation or so ago, it must be allowed that from such portents of priggishness and prudishness we should now call on common sense to deliver us. The age of infant phenomena is, we may trust, gone by amongst us. It is of course with a respectful awe which for the nonce suppresses incredulity that we look on when M. Marx lifts, by permission, the educational forcing-frame, and indulges us with a glimpse of the Imperial prodigy within. Calculating the total crop to be expected at maturity from those precocious blossoms of intellect and virtue now so abundantly manifested in the green tree, we can but envy the nation that is destined to sit one day under the shade of so much wisdom and goodness in the dry. With our humdrum experience of human nature, it may indeed be doubted whether the rules and methods so admirably applicable to kings' houses are of much worth when employed upon the common clay of our middle-class seminaries or ragged schools. Otherwise we might wish that, in the place of any abstract or theoretical manual of human culture, M. Marx, or some other faithful and potent scribe, might be commissioned to present the age, from time to time, with a series of mental and moral photographs tracing the progress of at least one pattern youth being trained up in the way in which he should go.

For those who retain faith in the efficacy of teaching by abstract formula and philosophical recipe, or who are disposed to set store upon the creation of some typical pattern or canon of human perfection, a work like that of Mr. Garvey will possess a degree of interest. To any one, on the other hand, who has taken up the work of education as a real task, not as the hobby of a contemplative philosopher, it will seem, we apprehend, little more than the newest attempt at teaching one's grandmother to suck eggs. In vain is the matter of it unimpeachably sound and sensible, the leading theory based upon a correct appreciation of the facts of human nature, the style weighty and earnest, and the arrangement logically clear and systematic. Whilst on all these heads we have no particular fault to find with it, our conviction of its value never gets beyond this merely negative stage. What we naturally look to in a "manual" of any kind is the amount of its practical use. But about the last book that a teacher of actual youth would take to as a serviceable *vade mecum* would be one like the present *Manual of Mental Culture*. In its general form it resembles far more a treatise on psychology, each chapter ending with a moral tag or corollary, headed "practical." The slight admixture of tangible advice with so much metaphysical theory reminds us of the sounding platitudes and windy truisms of a social-science paper. What the author starts with, as necessary to a right idea of the end of human culture, is a sketch of "the scope of man's intelligent life, that is, of the place he is intended to occupy in creation, as it is marked out by the relations of his faculties and susceptibilities to the things and beings that surround him." This is followed by an attempt to describe shortly what a rightly cultivated human being should be, "a normal man fulfilling his scope by an all-sided development, and presenting a complete type of full-grown humanity." In his general view of the scope of man's existence Mr. Garvey seems to avow himself a disciple of the physiological school of Combe, and in his practical rules for the development of the mental functions in harmony with the corporeal he repeats with much exactness the sound, but somewhat obvious, maxims of that philosopher. It is not his habit to quote authorities. Otherwise, we should have looked for some recognition of what he owes to Mr. Herbert Spencer as regards his mode of tracing the germinal principle of life, "its laws of growth and typical development from the embryonic cell." He seems to have lacked either the power or the will to engage in the fundamental controversy between the physical and the transcendental theories of the origin of life. It is true that he so far protests against the former as to define the vital principle as "something superadded to the material organization, which it rules and develops, and not therefore the result of that organization." But this step is only gained by jumping over the barrier in the way of the vitalist theory, and fastening at once upon the vague definition of this principle as "that which afterwards grows into the reasonable soul of man." In his analysis of the faculties or properties of the mind, and in his connection of them with the successive and homogeneous states of surrounding nature, our author further shows his obligations to Mr. Spencer. He is most original when he superadds to this classification of the several parts or functions of the organism that "primordial or automatic impulse" which underlies them all, or which rather forms the spring or motive power by which each is informed and set on work. To this "radical impulse" he proceeds

to trace that universal law of action which it was the crotchet of Schopenhauer to fasten upon the will:—

The Radical Impulse. By this term I wish to indicate that constant steady impulse which, from the first instant of life to its close, urges the individual to preserve his existence, to fulfil its scope, and to complete the type of his being. We have seen in the preceding chapters how this impulse operates in the embryonic and unconscious period of life. It is the same impulse that afterwards, when the individual has awoke to consciousness, warns him by pain to shrink from what is injurious, and incites him by pleasures to seek what is favourable to his well-being. It is the root from which spring all the emotions, and it manifests itself in all the relations of the individual. It shows itself first in the common sensibility of the frame; from this it emerges into the appetites, and thence into the emotions of sense. As the whole development proceeds, the radical impulse becomes increasingly objective; from the emotions of sense it expands into the region of intellectual and moral feelings, and finally into the emotions that regard the Deity. Throughout this infinite variety of the emotional sensitiveness, the radical impulse is ruled by the adaptation of man to his circumstances; that which is favourable to the well-being of the individual acts upon the radical impulse with the force of attraction, and this attraction becomes a pleasurable consciousness; that which is unfavourable to the well-being repels the radical impulse, and the repulsion becomes a consciousness of pain.

In this connected view of man's development the writer claims to have obtained a strong though simple thread, binding together into one all the elements of consciousness, and imparting an air of philosophical simplicity to the task of human culture. And upon this abstract basis he proceeds to build up the edifice of intellectual and moral growth. Yet, creditable as it is to his ingenuity, and pleasing as it is as an object of philosophic contemplation, what is there in his "paradigm of the objects of intellectual life" to help forward in any practical sense the labours of our educators? What is there in the new formula that was not comprised in the very oldest and tritest? It is in the practical and detailed portions of his work—in those "saws" and instances in which he strives to bring down the airy abstractions of his theory into concrete shape—that we become sensible how little we have gained from all this ingenious and subtle philosophizing. Will our young mothers' intuitive care for their offspring be more enhanced by his lecture on the importance of "infant psychology," or by being solemnly called upon to reflect, when trying to make baby talk, what "prophetic foreshadowings may not the unformed murmurs of the mother's lips contain?" This is the period of "the opening of perceptiveness, iterativeness, and retentiveness"; these faculties together making up that stage of the infant consciousness which constitutes its "acquisitive period." Here is work enough cut out for the mothers and nurses of the future. Nor is the task less onerous or complex which awaits the educator at Shakespeare's second age, when the "elaborative" powers begin to make their appearance. Mr. Garvey's estimate of the qualifications for the office of schoolmaster are of a truly transcendental kind. Body, soul, and spirit must be equally the subject of his care. The radical impulse has first to be directed towards its proper objects of "hunger and thirst, exercise, repose, warmth, and fresh air." Even before godliness comes the call of cleanliness. Vice, the teacher cannot be too strongly impressed, is essentially dirty, physically as well as morally. "Rogues and profligates are, as a rule, dirty persons." Our model child will early know to discriminate vices by the nose, as St. Boniface, we are told, could discern a heathen man or heretic. Both smell and taste may thus be "turned to moral uses by associating foul smells and disgusting flavours with vice, to which they are naturally allied." The tones of a teacher's voice, again, must be modified and tuned to work upon the emotional instincts of his pupils. "When the teacher is affectionate and sympathetic, he can, by the mere alteration of his tone, produce whatever effect he pleases upon the children." A teacher thus competent to rule by discoursing soft music with his voice will naturally have little need of anything so rude and barbarous as the ferule or the birch. Even "violent reproof, public exposure, ridicule, are only a degree less absurd than corporal punishment." Nor will he be one to put up with that most miserable and pitiful of all sights—"a number of fresh young children, whose minds are just opening to the wonders and delights of creation, mewed up in a close room, from which nature is carefully excluded." But what then? "Is running and shouting about in the fields education?" the reader will object. "I acknowledge," the author grants, "that this is not what is generally regarded as education." But he clearly inclines to this peripatetic or saltatory or muscular tuition rather than to the formal lessons of "their little torn and dirty books." His system is to "bring their minds into immediate contact with nature and reality before attempting to substitute the symbols of either as objects of study." Thus the processes of manufacture may be made agreeably intelligible by the actual exhibition of some specimens of their products, as a bit of glass, a tencup, a candle, a knife, a piece of cotton cloth. A knowledge of constructive art might be pleasantly acquired by setting the children, with a heap of small bricks and beams and columns, to build up a model of the parish church upon the lawn. They would learn far more of the principal geometric figures, of solid geometry, of the "knowledge of construction and of many of the natural laws of statics and dynamics, than they would acquire in a month from conning over dry definitions." Mr. Garvey's method at the same time, we regret to see, is conceived on a grandeur of scale which is likely to strike terror into the ordinary British paterfamilias. His little workmen must have models and apparatus of a size and quality suited to the progress of philosophy in the present day. "Small models would be worse than useless; they would be referred at once to the category of toys." The model must be one that has a certain reality about it—"a church

that children might go into, a house that would shelter them from the rain, a boat that would actually carry them." We are relieved to find that when, at a later period, we come to the study of physical geography, we are permitted to put off our inquiring youth with a model of somewhat less volume than the great globe itself, "the smallness of models as representations fortunately not producing here the same incurable confusion of ideas" as in the earlier stage of intellectual development. Common things, indeed, of a very familiar kind may be happily brought to bear upon topics of moment and difficulty. Vulgar fractions even, we are told—"the most sorrowful and oppressive ordeal of childhood"—are never more to be taught with the mere abstract symbols. Our model teacher, who is "heterodox enough" to go beyond Bonnycastle or Colenso, would "cut up a cake before his fraction class, and exercise them thoroughly in the proportions which different combinations of the parts bore to the whole, before he shared it among them." We have here, in the more civilized curriculum of modern philosophy, an analogy of a higher kind with the rude method whereby the ancient Persians or Scythians enforced upon their youth the use of the bow.

Our rising generation may indeed congratulate themselves at every turn upon the amazing advance which awaits them in so many royal and agreeable roads to knowledge. Is, for instance, the faculty of "colligativeness of ideas" to be elicited and strengthened? "Riddles, so they embody real analogies, not mere verbal ones, would form a delightful exercise for this faculty, and if properly managed would give a prodigious impulse to it, even where it is feeblest." Every schoolboy would agree with our author that "he would deserve well of mankind who would compose a good book of riddles for the use of schools." It is not, however, every schoolmaster who would echo as gladly his supplementary dictum:—"Every teacher must, however, make his own riddles, for a text-book would be useless, except as a model, once its contents were expounded." We seem certainly to be coming very near the last step in that revolution which threatens our gravest and most venerable institutions. We have heard something about philosophy in jest being made science in earnest. But we never thought of seeing a manual of human culture in which the model text-book was a collection of riddles, conundrums, and puns, in the absence of which desirable book the teacher, "to begin with," might take "some of Dean Swift's and Lord Byron's." The comic element, however, has too long taken its place in the pulpit to be excluded henceforth from the schoolroom. When popular religion has its Spurgeon, it is doubtless high time for education to look about for a Joe Miller of its own.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.*

ONE of the worst channels into which a novelist can turn the current of his ideas is that of a religious periodical. The play of his fancy is checked by the restrictions of its gravity, his independence of thought is trammelled by the bonds of its orthodoxy, and even the flow of his language is impeded by the banks of decorum within which it is compelled to glide. Mr. Macdonald's present work has been composed under these conditions, and its artistic character has suffered in consequence. The *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* originally appeared, we believe, in the *Sunday Magazine*, an excellent periodical in itself, but one which from its very nature is scarcely fitted to be a vehicle for conveying any but a very staid and sensationless romance. The air which pervades these *Annals* is something like that which we recognise on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in autumn. All around seems peaceful and still, the ordinary pursuits and struggles of man appear suspended for awhile, the very landscape looks as if it slumbered, the cattle scarcely take the trouble to graze, and one fancies that the birds wing their way slowly through the air. So in reading these *Annals* we seem to feel a sense of tranquil repose, as we wander through scenes which are coloured in a subdued tone, and deal with persons who for the most part pass their existence in a kind of dreamy meditation, secluded from the active life of the outer world, and conscious of its bustle and roar only when the doors of their quiet hermitages are thrown open for a moment by some stray visitor, or by some rare convulsion of nature. Mr. Macdonald is a true poet himself, and his sympathetic character enables him to detect and appreciate the under-song, inaudible to the grosser sense, which goes up heavenward day and night from the visible universe, and the kindred melody which rings unceasingly from the harp of life, especially from the chords which Love smites with his glowing hands. The *Annals* are as full of music as was Prospero's island; rich in strains that take the ear captive when they are first heard, and afterwards linger long upon it. Many of the scenes Mr. Macdonald has painted are very beautiful in themselves, besides being thoroughly in keeping with the characters with which he peoples them. And some of those characters are pleasantly sketched, testifying by the purity of their outline and the harmony of their colouring to the refinement of the mind of the artist who drew them. But they are somewhat wanting in animation. Two of them only seem to move with natural freedom; the others appear to conform to set rules in all their actions, and rather to be rehearsing a not altogether familiar part than to be following out the promptings of their own spontaneous ideas. The ordinary novel-reader will find them, we fear, rather too insipid for his

taste, and will be apt to discard them at an early period of the story for more congenial company. But, by the audience to which the *Sunday Magazine* is intended to speak, the book will be thoroughly appreciated, and even outside that circle will be found an extensive fringe of hearers to whom its tenderness and grace will be likely to afford a deep though tranquil pleasure.

The annalist of the quiet neighbourhood is a Mr. Walton, an amiable clergyman of the broadest ecclesiastical persuasion, whose name seems intended to hint at the gentle kindness and almost feminine sweetness of character which renders the pages of his namesake's "Angler" so attractive to every generation of readers. A kind of compromise between George Herbert's Parson and the Vicar of Wakefield, he goes about doing good, perpetually reaping the blessings promised to the peacemaker, binding up the hurts of the wounded, alleviating the fatigue of the weary, overcoming the indolence of the sluggish, awakening the conscience of the wrongdoer, combating the prejudices of the freethinker, and gently leading back the dissenting lamb to the fold of the orthodox Church. His character is pleasantly described, but it is somewhat feeble and unreal. Were it not for the fear of trespassing on the dreary regions devoted to comic writers, we should say that his picture was evidently painted from a lay figure rather than from any living clerical original. He resembles the ideal clergyman imagined by enthusiasts outside the pale of holy orders, rather than the actual vicars with whom we are accustomed to come into contact in country-houses, on the seat of justice, or at missionary or clerical meetings. By him preferment is a thing unthought of; for him there is no extra savour in the crackling of the tithe-pig. He is at peace with all mankind, and can even shake hands with a Disenter unmoved. His life is a round of good works, and his days rhyme musically with each other. Unfortunately, he is a little too good for a human reader's daily food, and it is difficult to believe in the actual existence of so faultless a paragon. Perhaps, indeed, his self-consciousness may be attributed to him as a fault, but it is somewhat difficult to do so, as it has the effect of driving him perpetually into what are almost excesses of virtue. The scene in which he returns a distrainted table to a conscientious refuser to pay tithes, carrying it into the home of dissent with his own hands, in the presence of an astounded churchwarden and a bewildered broker, has a tinge of the ludicrous about it; and although the result of this act of table-returning is of course represented as having been of the most gratifying nature, the experiment does not seem to be one which can be safely recommended to incumbents in general. Fortunately, some of his parishioners are less immaculate than he is, and we must confess to preferring the society of some of the sinners to that of their more right-minded acquaintances. The venerable physician of the neighbourhood, Dr. Duncan, is a somewhat dull companion; and that good man and model parishioner, Old Rogers—a quondam sailor, whose epithets are strictly nautical, whose talk is of ringbolts and marlinespikes, and whose ideas are of the most severely marine order—is rather a bore. It is only the sailor of nautical melodrama who talks as Old Rogers does. "I love a parson, Sir, and I'll tell you for why, Sir. He's got a good telescope, and he gits to the masthead, and he looks out. And he sings out, 'Land ahead!' or 'Breakers ahead!' and gives directions accordin'." Only I can't always make out what he says. But when he shuts up his spyglass, and comes down the riggin', and talks to us like one man to another, then I don't know what I should do without the parson." This is a specimen of character manufactured to order, contrasting very unfavourably with such a work of art and loving care as David Elginbrod or his daughter Margaret. The patriarch, Old Weir, has a little too much about him of the "heavy father"; and his son, the so-called atheist, Thomas Weir, is only a species of masculine Aunt Sally, stuck up for the purpose of having a series of orthodox arguments flung at his head, until at last his pipe is fairly put out. Catherine Weir, also, the daughter of the house, is anything but a lifelike personage, though there is artistic merit in the portrait of her which Mr. Macdonald gives us, with her dark hair and eyes, and her face white as marble with the exception of the single spot of crimson blazing on either cheek. And there is force and reality in the scene in which Mr. Walton visits her after she has tried to kill her child in a paroxysm of indignation and despair, and finds her stretched on her bed, white as death, with her black eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, and by her side her intended victim lying, his face as white as his mother's, and his eyes closed as if in death.

But the chief merit of the book lies in the account of Oldcastle Hall, a strange old building, with a weird air of uncanniness about it, and a singular set of original dwellers within it. A heavy atmosphere fraught with the scent of dying flowers oppresses the breathing of its visitors, a mysterious sensation stirs within them like that which may have been felt by those who used to enter the haunted "House with the Seven Gables." We are made acquainted with scenes which have taken place there which bear a likeness to strange things witnessed in dreams, and its inhabitants have a somewhat fantastic appearance, different in many respects from that of the acquaintances we form in everyday life. Mrs. Oldcastle is a woman of strong will, and a temper which has never been controlled. She imagines that every one must give way to her, and in the majority of cases she succeeds in carrying out what she desires. Such a woman forms a good subject for a novelist to deal with, and Mr. Macdonald has

* *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood*. By George Macdonald, M.A., Author of "David Elginbrod," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

treated it with considerable skill. Her utter hardness of heart and savage cruelty of disposition are well contrasted with the selfish carelessness and soft insensibility of Mr. Stoddart, the musical *dilettante* and æsthetic egotist who lives in her house, humouring his own whims even while he submits to her caprices. The darkness of her character also forms an excellent background to set off the bright, sparkling nature of her granddaughter, little Judy Gladwyn, a mischievous frolicsome girl of twelve, who is the only person allowed to run counter to Mrs. Oldcastle's will. She is a sort of Undine, at first a light-hearted, careless, and almost malicious sprite, who delights in all manner of hoydenish tricks, and has an especial taste for aquatic sports, even flinging herself at times into gloomy pools, in the hope that grave and reverend gentlemen may be induced to damp their garments in fishing her out. After a time she begins to awake, under the influence of Mr. Walton's edifying conversation, to the consciousness of higher duties than those of teasing her grandmother and playing off practical jokes upon her acquaintances, and towards the end of the third volume she shows signs of a change of disposition which may by this time have rendered her fit for the most conventional society. Of course the story has a heroine, with whose character Mr. Macdonald has taken great pains; but, in spite of much that is sweet and amiable about her, Miss Oldcastle does not succeed in interesting us much in her fortunes. The victim from childhood of a crushing domestic tyranny, she has grown up a somewhat subdued and insipid young lady; and although she can talk Hindustani and understand Jacob Boehme, she does not seem to be fitted for much beyond adorning a country parsonage, in which she would be invaluable for the purpose of bringing up a clerical family and keeping a chronicle of the vicar's supply of malt liquors.

Before closing Mr. Macdonald's *Annals* we should again call attention to the collection of landscapes they contain. He has a keen sense of the beauties of nature, and he possesses the faculty of giving expression to his feelings in language which all must admire, even if they do not fully sympathize with him in his love of all the charms of which the earth and the sea and the sky can boast. There are numerous descriptive passages scattered about his volumes for which, even if they had no other merits, the *Annals* would be well worth reading; but they possess other claims to respect, among which we may mention the air of goodwill towards men which everywhere pervades them, and the tone of true religious feeling by which they are creditably distinguished from so many flippant or sickly specimens of contemporary fiction.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE fourth volume of Klein's *History of the Drama** testifies as strongly as any of its predecessors to the great industry and knowledge of the writer, but is, unfortunately, equally conclusive with regard to those defects of taste and judgment which prevent his work from being anything more than a great storehouse of information. The old peculiarities of style are here again in full force—bad jokes, inflated diction, immoderate digression, extravagance in stating the simplest facts. It is strange that these offences should be so chargeable upon one whose especial study has been that branch of literature where any defect of proportion is so immediately fatal, but such is the case. The want of feeling for symmetry is strikingly evinced in the inordinate space accorded by the writer's plan to the Italian drama, which is equal to that bestowed on the drama of Greece and Rome. The comparative insignificance of the Italian theatre is indeed an extraordinary fact. It is the department, of all others, which one would have thought adapted to the powers of a pre-eminently lively and intelligent race. Italian society is full of materials for comedy, and Italian history is the storehouse from which tragic poets have most liberally borrowed. Yet there is more humour in Beppo than in all Goldoni, and more pathos in Othello than in the collected works of Alfieri. The phenomenon may be in some measure explained by the popularity of the lyrical drama; another cause may be the servility with which, long after the revival of letters, the Italian dramatists copied the precedents bequeathed to them by the classic poets. Instead of painting the society around them as it actually was, they revived the impersonations of Plautus and Terence, or rather of Menander. Hence their repertory of character is extremely limited; in fact they have only five or six stock personages, who represent the manners and customs of an extinct society. This is as much as to say that the Italian never was a living drama till Goldoni conceived the happy idea of resorting to the café and the boudoir for his characters, instead of to the library. Nine-tenths of the Italian repertory is consequently merely of antiquarian interest, and the great care and space which Herr Klein has devoted to it are misplaced in a general history of the subject. The evil is greatly aggravated by his prolixity, and by the irrelevance of many of his observations. With great zeal and industry he is producing a work which will be often referred to, but seldom read.

Wattenbach's† guide to the sources of the mediæval history of Germany is a much more business-like production, and appears

* *Geschichte des Dramas*. Von J. L. Klein. Bd. 4. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Deutschlands Geschichtsquellen im Mittelalter, bis zur Mitte des dreizehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von W. Wattenbach. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

calculated to be of the greatest use. It now appears in a second edition, which has received so many alterations that it is entitled to be noticed as a new work. It is not only a digest of the various chronicles and histories, but abounds with entertaining information respecting the lives, characters, and situations of their authors. Ballads, epistles, and necrologies are also mentioned when they contain anything of historical importance.

Friedrich von Hellwald's brief, but elegant and luminous, essay on the migrations of the American nations* is especially valuable as a handbook to the literature of the subject; all the authors whose labours relate to it being enumerated. It is interesting to observe how largely Spanish Americans are now contributing to these investigations. Herr von Hellwald regards the American aborigines as an indigenous race. There is no *a priori* objection to this view, but he ought to account for their great resemblance to the Siberian nations, of which he does not seem to be aware. The steady course of their emigrations from north to south, as traced by himself, and the comparatively recent origin of civilization on the continent, speak strongly in favour of an original immigration from Northern Asia. No feature of the subject, however, is less contestable than its extreme obscurity.

The legendary history of Southern Arabia† is exceedingly romantic. Herr von Kremer's labours in connection with it relate to the Toba dynasty of Yemen, which became extinct shortly before the time of Mahomet. They are partly based on the fragments of old popular poetry, which strikingly resemble the corresponding literature of more Western countries. The story of Queen Bilkis is like an episode of the *Orlando Furioso*; we also meet with Zopyrus in the anomalous shape of a Chinese vizier, and we have the same ordeal by fire which proved so disastrous a snare to Savonarola. The chief actors in this latter legend are Jewish rabbis, whose influence appears to have been very great, and no doubt helped to prepare the way for the rapid success of Mahometanism. The most interesting of the more strictly historical narratives is that of the conquest of Yemen by the Abyssinians, who, but for their isolation among barbarians, would have become a great people. They were eventually expelled by the help of the Persians.

We are indebted to Dr. Brugsch‡ for our acquaintance with a most interesting corner of the earth—an English establishment on the peninsula of Mount Sinai. Our countryman, Major Macdonald, has, it seems, had the good fortune to discover that the remains of ancient Egyptian workings, taken by Lepsius for copper mines, are in fact turquoise mines, and that they still admit of being wrought to advantage. For the last twenty years he has been established among these sterile rocks, something between a patriarch and a Crusoe, the friend and benefactor of all around him, from his Bedouin workmen to the kitten he rescued from the Red Sea. The galleries of the old miners, when cleared from the accumulated rubbish, proved to be full of inscriptions indicating that turquoise had been sought there as early as the time of the third dynasty. Dr. Brugsch also describes his visit to the convent of Mount Sinai, with its rich mosaics and treasures of MSS. The time when the latter could be purchased by travellers seems to have departed.

It is easier to believe in the innocence of the golden age when we see what a pattern of simplicity our own busy and scientific epoch is capable of producing in the person of a worthy Silesian pastor who has made the tour of Sweden.§ It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of the narrowness of the good man's mind, or of the strength of his prejudices. The book is full of abuse of persons and things which have incurred his disapprobation; while all the time his breast is overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and every chance travelling companion is mentioned in terms of endearment. He is especially great on the subject of punch, by no means concurring with the chaplain in *Jonathan Wild* that it is a liquor nowhere spoken against in Scripture. He spoke against it himself with all the rhetoric he could command. The Swedes stared, and took him for a Mormon. The only sympathizer he found was a brewer, who agreed that it would be a most excellent thing if people could be forbidden brandy, and prescribed beer, by Act of Parliament. It will readily be inferred that his travels fall under the category of the amusing rather than of the useful; yet they contain much information, as he was a determined sightseer, and most circumstantial in describing everything he saw. His details of the social condition of Sweden are of no value, as he was evidently quite at the mercy of his informants.

The history of the Jews in Germany during the middle ages has been written by Herr Stobbe|| with copious references to contemporary annals and charters, and whatever else could throw light on the subject. Much novel and curious information has been collected, but the ordinary view of the matter remains un-

* *Die Amerikanische Völkerwanderung. Eine Studie*. Von F. von Hellwald. Wien: Holzhausen. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ueber die Südarabische Sage*. Von Alfred von Kremer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Wanderung nach den Türkis-Minen und der Sinai-Halbinsel*. Von Heinrich Brugsch. Leipzig: Hinrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Kirchliche Umschau im Schwedenlande*. Von K. W. Vetter. Breslau: Dülfer. London: Nutt.

|| *Die Juden in Deutschland während des Mittelalters, in politischer, sozialer und rechtlicher Beziehung*. Von Otto Stobbe. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams & Norgate.

changed. Cupidity and fanaticism combined for the destruction of this unfortunate race. There was indeed no lack of privileges conceded to them, or of humane regulations enacted for their protection. These look exceedingly well upon paper, but were practically quite inefficient at any period of popular effervescence, or of unusual pressure upon the public exchequer. In the latter emergency nothing was more common than to issue a proclamation forbidding all persons indebted to Jews to liquidate their obligations, and levying a moderate percentage on the money thus saved. Even the numerous apparent manifestations of a better spirit afford a false idea of the real tendencies of the age. They were usually well paid for, and are a more accurate criterion of the enlightenment of the Jews who solicited than of the Christians who accorded them. The emphatic bull of Pope Innocent IV. is probably an exception, and may rank with Paul III.'s bull on slavery as a proof that the Church of Rome is not incapable of a generous recognition of natural right, when it does not conflict with her own interests. Herr Stobbe establishes pretty clearly that the systematic persecution of the Jews dates from the era of the Crusades, when the sudden outburst of enthusiasm directed the barbarism and rapacity of the age into a religious channel, without in any way mitigating their atrocity. Retrograde tendencies in the direction of mediævalism must be stubborn indeed to withstand the calm consideration of such narratives as fill Herr Stobbe's pages. The book is highly interesting, and abounds in illustrative matter so skilfully handled as to be rather a help than an encumbrance to general readers.

It is almost surprising that any letters of Luther's* should remain to be published. Dr. Burkhardt, however, has found some, and thinks that there may be more. Those he has edited are neither very numerous nor of extraordinary interest. He has, however, rendered an essential service by collecting and printing all the accessible letters of Luther's correspondents, which constitute an important commentary on the epistles of the Reformer himself. He has also given an analysis of all the letters written by or to Luther which have already appeared in print. The work must have demanded very great labour. It is illustrated with short and sensible annotations, which, without any parade, indicate a thorough acquaintance with the subject. It will be found an indispensable supplement to De Wette's great edition of Luther's letters, and a useful companion to any of the numerous biographies.

The life of Friedrich Thiersch† is interesting, not only on account of the distinguished scholar who is its hero, but also as a contribution to an important chapter of modern German history. Bavaria has of late appeared to so little advantage on the political stage that the really magnificent labours of its sovereigns in the cause of culture are in danger of being forgotten. The misfortune of the country has been that all this brilliant civilization has been exotic—an Attic graft upon a Bæotian stem. When Montgelas (the Beckendorff of *Vivian Grey*) essayed to regenerate Bavaria, he found no materials to work with in a country which two centuries of Jesuit predominance had reduced to the condition of an intellectual Paraguay. Workmen and tools had to be imported, and though a long line of men illustrious in every department of human activity have adorned the annals of Bavaria, they have not succeeded in infusing their own spirit into the people. Philosophers and jurists like Feuerbach, indeed, soon came into collision with the very Government they served, and the most durable results have been achieved by the professors of the ornamental arts. Thiersch's mission was the promotion of education, and this volume is for the most part the record of his struggles with the Ultramontane party, his natural enemies, and with the Government, who took alarm at the system they had introduced. The picture it presents of Thiersch is a very pleasing one. It is that of a scholar whose one aim in life is to enable others to participate in the culture he has acquired for himself. His life was a continual protest in favour of education in its widest sense, and, had his views prevailed, Bavaria would have kept pace with Prussia in the contest for the intellectual leadership of Germany. As a Protestant and a Liberal, however, he was unable to make head against the clerical influence on the one hand, and the bureaucratic dread of real liberty on the other. Nor was he himself perhaps quite exempt from the tendency to romantic mysticism which has invariably tinged the arts, letters, and administration of Munich, and now seems to have culminated in the young King's devotion to Richard Wagner. Thiersch was an enthusiastic Philhellene, and his correspondence is more occupied with the politics of modern Greece than with the philological and archaeological researches to which he owed so much of his reputation. There are also some very lively sketches of contemporaries, such as Thorwaldsen, Boeckh, and Savigny. Several letters are from England, whither he travelled to examine our educational system. In general his opinion is very favourable, though the discomfort of the Eton of that day filled him with astonishment. It is apparent that his inspection was much too cursory, and that, in his delight at the erudition and hospitality of two or three distinguished scholars, he omitted to inquire how far the care of the Universities was bestowed on those who principally needed it.

A collection of the miscellaneous writings of Dr. Adalbert

* Dr. Martin Luther's Briefwechsel, mit vielen unbekannten Briefen. Herausgegeben von Dr. C. A. H. Burkhardt. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Friedrich Thiersch's Leben. Herausgegeben von H. W. J. Thiersch. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Winter. London: Asher & Co.

Daniel* contains several essays on educational subjects, and a very comprehensive account of the "Gesangbuch," which in some degree supplies the place of a liturgy in Protestant Germany. There is also a biography of the famous geographer, Carl Ritter.

Lord Brougham, in his recent address at Manchester, signalized the appointment of a public prosecutor as one of the most desirable of legal reforms. Such is, we believe, the general opinion. In Germany, as it would appear from Dr. Keller's preface to his work on the subject†, the utility of this functionary is a matter of controversy, and opponents of the institution are wont to support their views by the example of England. Dr. Keller shows that the English system possesses many contrivances for supplying the deficiency which are unknown in Germany. On the other hand, jealousy of public functionaries is both natural and laudable in a country well nigh eaten up by them, and we do not suppose that any law reformer here thinks of allowing the Government to engross so large a share of the administration of justice as it has secured on the Continent.

Dr. Glaser, Professor of Law at the University of Vienna‡, has written a very full treatise on English criminal procedure. He is extremely chary of criticism, but appears to be in the main an admirer of our system. Great confusion, he remarks, is produced on the Continent by the endeavour to withdraw questions of law from the consideration of the jury, which is practically impossible.

Herr Rahn's§ essay on the employment of the dome in Christian architecture treats the subject historically, and notices most of the churches in which this form of construction has been employed, down to the close of the middle ages. It comprises the results of very extensive reading.

More than half of the third volume of Andresen and Weigel's great work on German engravers|| is occupied with a catalogue of the works of Tobias Stimmer, who must have been a most prolific artist.

Otto Jahn belongs¶ to the conservative school of German musical criticism. He would find himself at home in England, for he adores Mendelssohn, and employs two elaborate essays in extolling his oratorios. "The music of the future" is naturally very antipathetic to him. Wagner, he says, is devoid of the quality on which he chiefly values himself—originality. He is affected and mannered; his boasted creative power is a delusion; he has no native ideas, but only impressions which, like M. de Pourceaugnac's law phrases, *il a retenu en lisant les romans*. Worst of all, he is like Meyerbeer. It is hard to say whether Meyerbeer or Wagner would have been more indignant at the latter indictment. Herr Jahn will be called to a severe account in his own country. It may at least be said for him that he does not, like some of his critical brethren, conceal unpopular ideas under an impenetrable obscurity of diction.

The Byzantine ballad-epic analysed by Herr Büdinger** is founded on the adventures of the Emperor Andronicus, narrated by Gibbon. They are of course much disfigured, and divided between him and a son, whom history does not mention.

A general history of literature is an undertaking to task the powers of any man, and little can be expected from one who has attained the years of Friedrich von Raumer.†† The work is, in fact, little but a selection of hasty notes on a number of writers, presenting only the most imperfect and cursory view of any one of them. It certainly shows a very wide range of reading, and the criticism is in general sound as far as it goes. There is not, however, enough of it, and the extracts presented as illustrative of the works reviewed are so meagre and disjointed as to be wholly inadequate to their end. English and American literature is mentioned with especial praise. Franklin's ten rules of life are, by a comical error, attributed to the unmethodical and improvident Jefferson.

Dr. Sievers‡‡ begins manfully with the biography of Shakspeare, but the stream, slender from the first, is soon absorbed in the arid wastes of criticism. All modern Shakspearian commentators, however they may differ in other respects, coincide in a portentous development of what we may call the expatiating faculty. Schlegel and Coleridge, who really had something to say, were able to say it in a few pages. We believe the merit of most critical writers to be nearly in the inverse ratio of their verbosity,

* *Zerstreute Blätter. Abhandlungen und Reden vermischten Inhalts.* Von Dr. H. A. Daniel. Halle: Verlag des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Staatsanwaltschaft in Deutschland.* Von Dr. Gustav Keller. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

‡ *Anklage, Wahrspruch und Rechtsmittel im Englischen Schwurgerichtsverfahren.* Von Dr. Julius Glaser. Erlangen: Enke. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ueber den Ursprung und die Entwicklung des christlichen Central- und Kuppelbaus.* Von J. R. Rahn. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Der Deutsche Pintre-Graveur.* Von A. Andresen, unter Mitwirkung von R. Weigel. Bd. 3. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Gesammelte Aufsätze über Musik.* Von Otto Jahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

** *Mittelgriechisches Volkspos. Ein Versuch.* Von Max Büdinger. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Handbuch zur Geschichte der Litteratur.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. Th. 3, 4. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *William Shakspeare. Sein Leben und Dichten.* Von E. W. Sievers. Bd. 1. Gotha: Besser. London: Asher & Co.

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